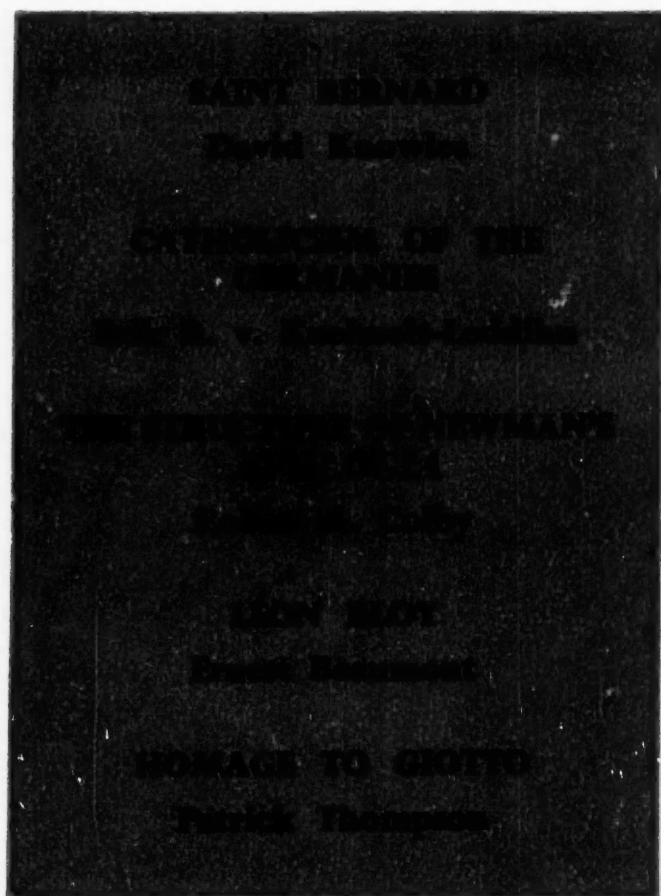


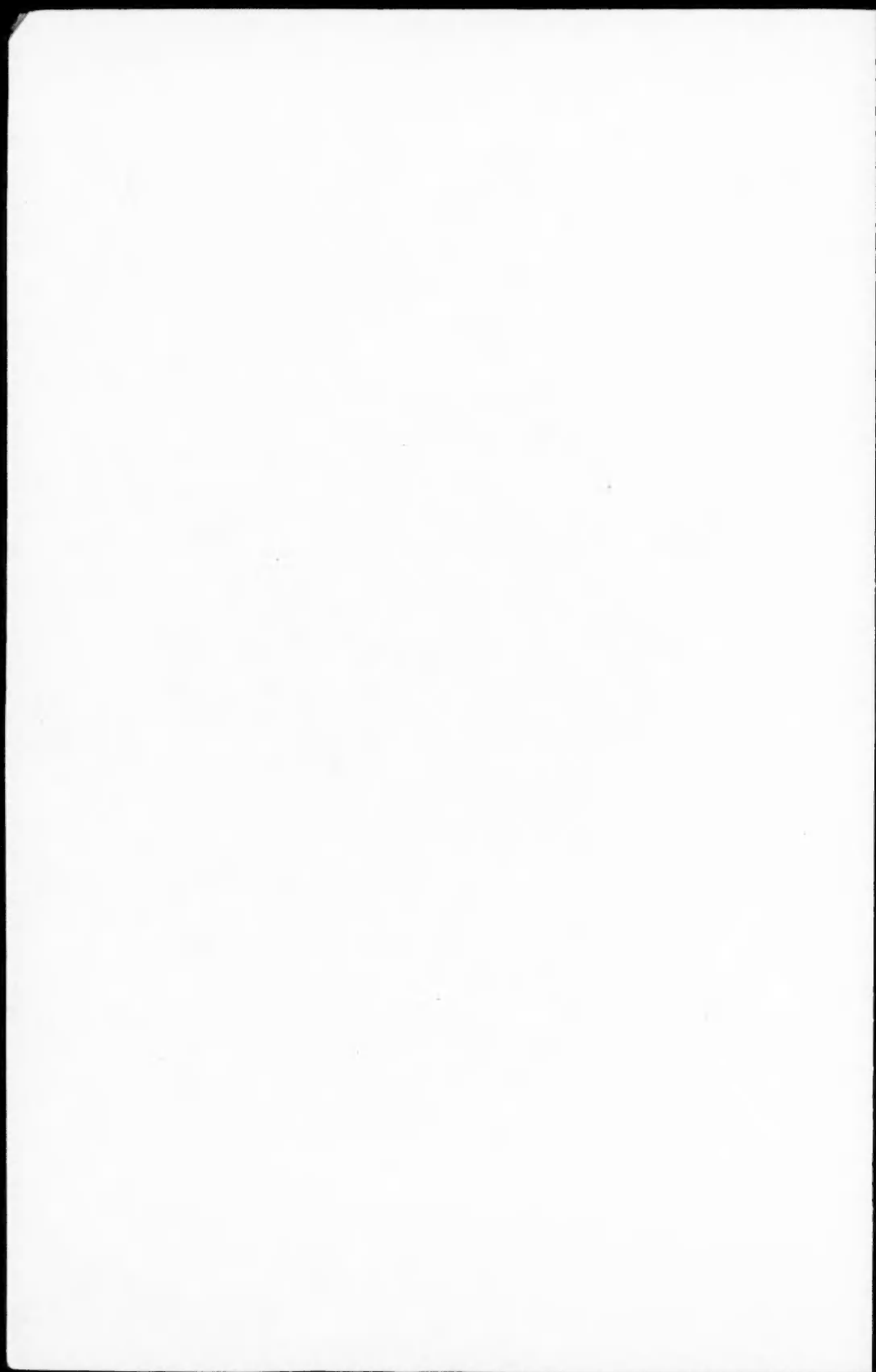
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DOMINE SALVAM FAC REGINAM

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## EDITORIAL

DOM COLUMBA EDMONDS, Father Thurston, and Abbot Cabrol furnished THE DUBLIN REVIEW, on the occasion of previous Coronations in this century, with articles on the rite. They certainly left room for another study of similar scope; but we have doubted if the circumstances of the time call for such an exercise.

The Emperor Joseph II forewent coronation altogether, to show his independence, and so that his multi-national subjects, speaking—it is said—as many as ten languages, should all alike receive his dominion as a simple political fact without distinction of creed, law or custom. *Post hoc*, he came to a bad end, like the *Aufklärung* generally; and, broadly speaking, for the same reason—the ignorance, or ignoring, of history. The kind of monarchs that could easily or safely do without some form of *sacre* is best exemplified by the Merovingian kings, who succeeded by hereditary right to rule over a homogeneous group, and were acknowledged to possess a supernatural character. If the succession is elective, even in form, or follows any principle less obvious than primogeniture, ceremonial investiture is the rule; by unction, as for Saul, and the Gothic kings of Spain; or crowning, as for the Byzantine emperors. Pippin the Short showed no less than his customary political wisdom in borrowing the rite when he appropriated the kingship of the Franks. The act itself need not, as this example demonstrates, enshrine ancient custom. President Eisenhower's inaugural hat is another case in point; where, too, besides the electoral character of his office (and what an election!), must be considered the heterogeneity of race and culture among the people, and the utter secularism of government.

Viewed in this light, the £2,000,000-worth of public activity related to the crowning of Her Majesty seems proportionate to ends of the gravest importance. There is, indeed, thank God, no question of a doubtful succession; but the much-criticized solution of the problem of the Royal titles only masks political differences of an analogous description. Besides this, the mixture of colours, civilizations and tongues over which the Queen must rule is not only incoherent in itself, as it was for her father and grandfather

before her; but rendered far more intractable by years of random emancipation. And finally, whatever of religious awe the great Queen-Empress may have come to inspire by the end of her reign has proved to be no lasting endowment of the throne. Here are the conditions which require the solemnity of coronation—to give visible confirmation of title, to stimulate united loyalty, and to enhance the sanctity of civil allegiance.

It is, no doubt, a matter of interest to Catholics that the rite used at Westminster contains parcels and vestiges of a service which, though it was neither Roman nor English in origin, belonged intimately to our religion and was a precious ornament of our liturgy. But it does not do to be sentimental about these things; especially in view of the character of changes made in the service to accommodate it successively to our first Protestant Queen, and our last Catholic King. Nor are we disposed to admire the excessive susceptibility shown half a century ago, when King Edward VII officially repudiated Catholicism in the language of a ruder time. (Lord Halsbury could then assert in the House of Lords that 'everybody does know, as a matter of fact, the meaning of "the Protestant religion" ' ; even this seems less assured in 1953). It is not only by confessional polemics, or by antiquarian research, that the Catholic subjects of Queen Elizabeth II take their part in the greatest political act of her reign, but chiefly by giving her the prayers she asked for.

### GOD SAVE THE QUEEN

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The eighth centenary of the death of St. Bernard of Clairvaux affords the welcome occasion of presenting an article by the third, and most distinguished, Professor of Mediaeval History in the University of Cambridge.

\* \* \*

More than a century ago, and only two years after the 'three British lions' made their momentous tour of inspection in France (which determined the set of influential currents in English Catholicism for a couple of generations at least), one of them wrote from Belgium to another: 'You ought certainly to . . . let the world

in England know what an Established religion can be on the Continent as well as a Missionary one, as in France' (J. H. Pollen to T. W. Allies, 25 April, 1849). Such comparisons and contrasts can always be instructive. An examination, in the present issue, of Catholicism in the German-speaking world, by the author of *Freedom or Equality*, shows a special application of the method, to a case where one 'nation' contains within itself 'majority type' as well as 'minority type' Catholic groups: a phenomenon observable until lately also in the British Islands, as our title indicates even now to those historically-minded people whom it does not simply mislead.

\* \* \*

What Monsignor Knox recently described as 'the Modernist scare', signs of which already appear in the further letters of Baron von Hügel printed below, was, of course, especially acute in France, Italy and England; it was appreciably less so throughout Germany as a whole, and in North America; and almost imperceptible (by comparison) elsewhere. It seems impossible to relate these gradations of severity with the varying patterns of relationship between the Church and the community, or the State. According to a specious, but uncomfortable, theory, the explanation is rather to be sought in the varying *differential* levels of general intellectual culture then normally found, as between the educated laity in each country, and their own clergy. The depth of this differential in England was already a cause of anxiety to Manning before 1859; and, although his University policy (which Cardinal Vaughan reversed) may have unintentionally contributed something in a negative way towards reducing it, he was constrained to admit the failure of his deliberate remedies in the end, as can be seen in the *Hindrances* of 1890. In France and Italy, the differential was even more painfully obvious.

# SAINT BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX: 1090-1153

By DAVID KNOWLES

ON 20 August of this year the Catholic world will celebrate the eighth centenary of the death of St. Bernard. The occasion touches most nearly those who wear the white habit of Cîteaux, and those who are the saint's fellow-countrymen of Burgundy. There are to be exhibitions and conferences at Dijon, and an ambitious programme of editorial and biographical work has been drawn up to mark the year. But St. Bernard, long before he received the title of Doctor of the Church, had become part of the common inheritance of the Church's children. A majority, perhaps even the great majority, of canonized saints are wholly unknown outside a region or a religious family; others have a world-wide *clientèle*, but only among theologians or the devout; a few are figures in world history, whose personality and actions moulded the life of their day and attract the notice of all who read of the past. In this last group, and not among its shadows, stands St. Bernard. He is indeed there on more than one title. As a great religious statesman, as the leader and spokesman of a celebrated order, as a theologian, and as a writer and speaker of genius he can make his claim.

To the historian he is perhaps most remarkable for his achievement on the stage of Church politics. It is hard to name any other, not occupying the chair of St. Peter—St. Athanasius is the only possible rival—who so determined the policy and the fortunes of the Church as he. He confirmed one pope and instructed another; he confounded anti-popes and revolutionaries; he put down dynasts from their seats in Church and State; he determined the agenda at Councils; he sent Christendom on a crusade. He challenged and engaged single-handed the greatest monastic confederation that the Western Church had seen, and the acutest mind that the new dialectic had tempered. And all the time he was drawing to his abbey of Clairvaux, and sending as colonists all over Europe, a *corps d'élite* that counted among its numbers a



pope, cardinals, bishops, and saints not a few. Had he been no more than a Cistercian abbot, his fame would have been secure. When, at the age of twenty-two and in the year 1112, he arrived at the gates of Cîteaux as a postulant *αὐτὸς τριακοστός*—with twenty-nine relatives whom he had won to his ideal—the new abbey of Cîteaux, to outward sight, was on the point of foundering. Poverty, austerity and disease had killed many and deterred more. With Bernard's arrival it was as if a great spring had been tapped. When he died the progeny of Cîteaux numbered 339 houses, and his own abbey of Clairvaux had 68 daughters and 159 lineal descendants. As for the numbers of their monks, who shall tell them? Bernard's magnetism was indeed irresistible. He could launch armies on the road to Jerusalem, and call legions to the cloister. Wherever he went, we are told, mothers feared for their sons, and brides for their husbands, as they were to do centuries later at the passage of Napoleon. The whole world, it was said, was turning into Cîteaux.

The spiritual teaching of St. Bernard has never been neglected by the monastic order, and his treatises have throughout the centuries given joy to the city of God, but the historical personality of the saint has been strangely neglected by scholars and historians almost to our own day. Even now no fully satisfactory biography, no adequate critical edition of his works, exists. The classical *Life* of Vacandard, supplemented by articles in the great French *Dictionnaires*, is still indispensable, but, even apart from the precisions which every year has added to the story, it somehow fails to present the living Bernard. A *Life* to end all other *Lives* is even now in the making, but can any *Life* be adequate? A biographer of Bernard might well feel that had he a hundred tongues, a hundred mouths and a voice of iron, he could not comprehend all in his pages. A life of Bernard becomes almost insensibly a history of Europe, in which dates and facts and unfamiliar names and episodes come crowding in till the sight of the wood is lost behind the endless trees.

Nor have the biographers with tightened rein fared better. St. Bernard, whose own voice could kindle a fire of desire or shatter an opposing adversary, has emerged a pale shadow from the hands of apologists and expositors, and has suffered from the misunderstanding and sheer ignorance of historians. And, although we have so many of his own words, and a chain of early biographies, all are, with scarcely an exception, too studied and too

polished to give us those intimate incidents and sayings that make such unique records of Eadmer's Life of Anselm and the early *Lives* of St. Francis.

What was it in St. Bernard that made him the towering figure that he was? Circumstances are no explanation of genius, but they may help it to expand, and undoubtedly one reason of St. Bernard's influence was his long life as master of himself and in high place. Many saints—an Augustine, a Dominic, a Teresa, a Vincent—have spent many years or decades of their lives in finding their salvation or their vocation; others—a Gabriel or a Thérèse—have been made perfect in short space. For St. Bernard the decisive struggle was over before he came to Cîteaux; he was abbot at twenty-five, and for almost forty years he could act and speak as the father of an immense and saintly family. Then, the age and the man were exactly matched. The tide of reform was still running strongly, and with all the anarchy and evils of the time there were everywhere some men at least in high office who were united in their aims. Moreover, the monastic ideal was acknowledged by the whole of western Christendom; the monastic life seemed to most the one and only ideal Christian life. Finally, Bernard was at the heart of the greatest monastic revival the West had ever seen; in his later years he had his marshals, his garrisons, his storm-troops everywhere. With one of his sons in the chair of Peter, and others in sees from York to the Mediterranean, he was at the centre of a network which he could use for intelligence, for propaganda and for execution.

\* \* \*

Every human personality is unique, and the richer and deeper the personality, the more is it distinguished from all others. Among the saints, *ex hypothesi* the most fully developed of all human beings, the variety is infinite. Nor can the historian, whom even the play of motive eludes, catch the workings of grace. Nevertheless, among the saints two broad classes appear. There are those who are roused and raised from a life of sin or mediocrity to sanctity, the so-called 'twice-born', such as St. Paul and St. Augustine, and there are those whose life resembles, all due proportions guarded, those of our Lady or St. John the Baptist; they seem sealed and set apart to a dedicated life from the waters of baptism. With the former we can often watch the struggle be-

tween good and evil, with the latter we can only guess how they were called and strengthened to accept and not to fail, to co-operate and to receive, as wave after wave of grace came upon them. St. Bernard was clearly of this latter sort. From childhood, from infancy, he was a privileged soul. There is no hint, either in his writings or in his biographies, that he had ever closed his eyes to the light or slipped back. There was no great moral or psychological crisis in his youth. When he hesitated for a few months on the threshold of manhood, the choice was not between good and evil, God and the world, but between a life of letters and a life of solitude. Even then the hesitation was brief. For the rest his life, so far as we can observe it, was a series of responses to the demand for a love exclusive and heroic, and because such a love of God exceeds our experience and strains our sympathies, biographers of the saints take refuge either in silence or devotional exclamations. Moreover, though he wrote so much and was such an artist in words, and though in some of his sermons he professedly speaks of himself, Bernard is in a sense an extrovert. He was not interested in his own past and his own growth, as were Augustine, Ailred and the two Teresas. Even when he speaks of himself it is, so to say, Bernard speaking of the historical Bernard rather than a soul revealing itself.

It is for this reason, perhaps, that for the many who admire St. Bernard, either as a teacher or as a leader, or as a master of words and worker of wonders, there are few who have for him that personal love that the four saints just mentioned can evoke. With them we feel that we have a spark of kinship, however remote; they would understand and counsel us. With Bernard it is not so. Yet this is not the true picture of him. Bernard could be all things to all men; his biographer tells us not only that his counsel was sought, by letter and face to face, all over Christendom, but that he was happiest and most himself in the daily relations with his monks. The same biographer, who knew him well, goes on to say that with his monks he was not only most himself, but that he used a simplicity of intercourse with them which the world did not know,

Silent silver lights and darks undreamed of,  
Which we, too, shall never know in this life.

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Bernard's feats of endurance and the interminable list of his wonders fill almost all the space in his biographies that is not given to his achievements as founder of Clairvaux and her many daughters, as champion of the Church, and as the hammer of heretics. Bernard the friend, even Bernard the father in God, are lost. More strangely still, Bernard's real fortitude is lost also; he becomes a champion whose victories are assured by his skill and prowess in arms. Yet fortitude, both in secret and *in facie ecclesiae*, is perhaps the most characteristic of all his virtues. Every saint is what he is through charity alone, but in every human personality some characteristics are more obvious than others. In Bernard it is his fortitude, his utter fearlessness. Fortitude is as essential a part of the Christian character as is humility; both in the last resort spring from a love of God which obliterates human apprehensions and values; but the fortitude of many saints of recent times has been shown only in secret to a few and in the private relationships of life. Bernard's was shown pre-eminently in his external dealings with men. Here again his biographers have done him a disservice. They show him at war only with open heresy and vice and tyranny. In fact, he denounced and fought against falsehood, worldliness and weakness wherever he saw it, however revered or exalted might be the object of his attack. A more faithful servant of the pope could not be found, but neither could one be found who had a clearer sense of the duties and obligations of that sublime office. Bernard did not hesitate to tell a pope what he should do, and what he should have done; he did not hesitate to tell him that he had neglected his duty. Biographers are apt to give the impression that only simoniacs and interlopers were Bernard's targets. In fact, he did not hesitate to thwart, denounce and uproot bishops who to the eyes of their contemporaries were passable, even respectable, or at least were secure and powerful. If he was convinced that a bishop or an abbot or a community was bad, he said so. Like the man in the nonsense rhyme, he said it very loud and clear, and went on saying it. He did not mince his words or pull his punches. If he was persuaded that the great Henry of Winchester, legate of the Apostolic See and brother of a king, disgraced his high office and his monastic profession by his ambition and his riches, he called him, in well chosen Scriptural phrases, a whore and a wizard. The bishop's *protégé*, the archbishop of York, was, he said, an idol set up in the temple of the Lord. If authority was remiss in acting or punishing, Bernard

lashed authority and gave it no rest till, like the judge in the parable, as if fearful of physical violence, it was driven to act. But behind the fire and the eloquence the courage was not that of a knight errant, still less that of a Quixote; it was the fortitude of Christ, despised as a Galilean and unlettered in the law, challenging and accusing the priests and lawyers because they set human respect and the traditions of men before the law of God; it was a fortitude that owed its clear sight of God's truth to a purity won in the secret conflict with pain and fatigue and physical illness.

The legendary austerity, the reputation for drastic and intolerant action, and the ceaseless activity of Bernard, suggest to the casual reader an iron constitution and physical powers that answered every call made upon them. Assuredly he came of a race of fighters, and had imposed his leadership upon the whole family while yet a young man in the world; he was tall and handsome as a youth, with a charm and grace of manner, and a gaiety which he never lost. But from his early years in the monastery, whether from unhealthy food, or excessive fasting, or from some cause which would elude medical science today as it did then, his health broke down utterly and never mended. For the whole of his adult life he was an invalid, brought more than once or twice to the edge of the grave. His earliest and most discerning biographer, William of St. Thierry, who spoke from long and loving observation, gives a number of realistic details which are hardly susceptible of presentation in English, but which establish beyond all doubt the painful and humiliating symptoms which made Bernard a burden to others as well as himself. During the greater part of his life his stomach repeatedly rejected all solid food. For a whole year in his early manhood as abbot he was forced to live apart from his monks in a hut because his physical presence was unbearable in choir or at table. He was, after his first years at Clairvaux, too weak to take part in any manual work; even walking exhausted him; and to his lifelong friends the characteristic memory was of a Bernard seated, emaciated and in pain. It was in such circumstances, which to most would seem an excuse for self-indulgence, self-pity and inertia, that Bernard guided his monks, made his foundations, wrote his treatises and journeyed across the Alps.

The influence of Bernard upon the Cistercian order was great and lasting; in the strictest sense of the words, it would be impos-

sible to exaggerate it. His first arrival with his platoon of recruits revived and rejuvenated an abbey that was moribund in all but soul, and his subsequent sanctity and fame and multifarious activities gave to Clairvaux and the whole order an attraction and a publicity without parallel. But influence and the stimulation of recruitment, however phenomenal, are not the same as creative wisdom. By a comprehensible, but none the less regrettable process St. Bernard, from being the great apologist and propagator of the order, came to be regarded as its patron, and when, in the later middle ages, it became fashionable for orders to take their name from their patron, the white monks were often called Bernardines. It was only a step further for men of letters and uninformed historians to speak of Bernard as the founder of the order.

Nothing could be further from the truth. Cîteaux, with its ideals and its Customs and Uses, was in existence before Bernard, and though the Charter of Charity was written down when he was already a monk, it owed nothing to him. Indeed, if we could see the workings of God's Providence, we might find that it was the hidden sanctity of the first fathers of Cîteaux that won for Bernard the gifts of grace that led him to their gates.

And yet in a sense Bernard did become the founder of the Cistercian order, for without directly desiring or intending it, he changed its character and destiny. Had Bernard never lived it is humanly possible that Cîteaux might have died; it is more probable that it would have remained, like Camaldoli or the Chartreuse, a small body of the spiritual *élite*. As it was, it became a great net, having within it all manner of fishes. Nor was this all. The first fathers had fled from the world, asking only to serve God and to be unknown. Bernard, at first by his controversy with the old monasticism and later by his reforming activity, made the Cistercians self-conscious and, in a sense, exploited them. Finally, his emergence as the leader of reform, as the most eminent preacher in Europe and as a writer of world-wide fame, destroyed for ever the primitive tradition of silence and obscurity. Bernard did indeed attack the learning of this world with all his force, but he used many of the resources of learning, and all the resources of literary art, in so doing. It was appropriate, but it was also one of Clío's ironies, that the great college of the white monks at Paris should bear his name.



The spirit of Cîteaux, and of Bernard himself, has often been regarded as puritanical. In part this is due to a single writing of Bernard's, perhaps the best known of all, his Apology to William of St. Thierry. In part, also, it may be due to the identification often made of the spirit of Cîteaux with that of La Trappe in the days of de Rancé. Certainly there can be no doubt of the austerity and of the lack of all comfort and external grace and beauty in the monastery of St. Stephen Harding. Even St. Bernard shows little sign that music or poetry or even the beauty of nature were so deeply a part of his natural consciousness as they were, let us say, of the natural consciousness of St. John of the Cross and St. François de Sales. The well-known stories of his recollection, of his ignorance that he had passed by the waters of the Lake of Geneva within sight of the aiguilles of Mont Blanc need not provoke our indignation as they have provoked some historians—for what beauty can be even a reflexion of the Divine beauty present to the transluminous faith of a saint?—but we may perhaps be allowed to think that Bernard could never have described the beauties of the Alpine valleys in the exquisite phrases of the *Spiritual Canticle*. His adventures in musical reform were not his happiest achievement; and when it came to the delights of human learning and speculation, who could denounce them better? Yet here we touch what is perhaps the greatest paradox in St. Bernard. For he is throughout, and in every line that he wrote, the great stylist, and his style is not that of an artless simplicity but full of the highest art of rhetoric. St. Bernard persuades, not like St. Thomas, by the luminous clarity of his exposition, or like St. John of the Cross, by the selfless logic of his doctrine, but by arousing our excitement and our emotions, as he roused the apathetic knights at Vézelay. The torrent of his eloquence, to adapt the simile of the ancient critic, sweeps down the river bed, bearing with it stones and trees and our reluctant selves in its wake. Every line is charged with rhetoric; it is that flash of colour, that thrill of daring, that makes the style of St. Bernard so individual—so inimitable, one would say, were it not that those nearest him succeeded so well in catching its echoes. This it is that makes Bernard one of the greatest orators of all time, the kin, if not the peer, of Demosthenes, of Cicero and of Tertullian. Even the greatest of stylists might well shun the ordeal of seeing fragments of their writings, cut up by blessings and responsories, exposed to the hazards of recitation in the breviary, yet how many readers of the breviary, inured to Jerome

and Gregory and even Augustine himself, have suddenly found their wandering attention held by a new voice, and have recognized the accents of Bernard! M. Gilson, with his customary felicity of phrase, has said that Bernard left all except his mind—and what a mind!—before the portals of Cîteaux. But this is not the whole answer. No one would demand of a saint, be he never so austere, that his style should be impure or dull. Nor need sublimity and passion be banned. In both Old and New Testament there is enough of both, and enough even of that rare beauty that is poetry. But poetry and passion and sublimity may be, and often are, simple and direct, appealing to the deepest centre of the mind. Rhetoric has always an element of unreality; it persuades where it cannot prove; it sways by delight, when truth is not enough; it exaggerates; it colours. It is not easy to understand how a mind purified from all sensual images could use the colours of rhetoric. Even St. Augustine, a rhetor by training and profession, uses indeed the forms of rhetoric to the end, but his later writings are rarely rhetorical in spirit. Bernard, on the other hand, is an orator even when he is most personal and sincere, as in the lament for his brother. Compared with the laments for Monica and for Nebrius those pages seem surely to smell of the lamp.

This feeling, it seems, is not merely a subjective one. An interesting, and in a sense disquieting, discovery of recent Bernardine criticism is that the form in which many, if not all, of the sermons and letters of St. Bernard have come down to us is not by any manner of means the original one. Between the first delivery and the publication to the world the text was carefully worked over, roughnesses were smoothed out, phrases were given polish and point, and an additional touch of colour was laid on here and there. Often it was one of the saint's intimate companions, acting as his secretary, who thus brightened the master's work and gave it some of those last touches that an unsuspecting reader might think most characteristic of Bernard. This is not the picture we had of the abbot of Clairvaux, writing hurriedly in the prison-like cell beneath the day-stairs, but it is perhaps a glimpse that brings us very near to the real Bernard, more complex than we had supposed. However that may be, and whoever may have given the last rub to the metal, the genius of the master remains. St. Bernard, in an age of literary imitation, created and developed a new style capable of adorning topics and conveying emotions neglected by his predecessors and contemporaries. It is a remarkable fact that



Bernard is no more Augustinian in style than he is in thought. While Anselm and John of Fécamp and Ailred and many another had so steeped themselves in Augustine that they seem like a prolongation of his personality, so that some of their writings did in fact traverse the Middle Ages under his name, and while even William of St. Thierry has numberless echoes of Augustine in his phrases and rhythm, Bernard, for all the similarity of subject matter, created a new style. No letter, no treatise of his, could ever be mistaken for Augustine; and his own style, while remaining pure, is so individual that no writer, save his secretaries and immediate disciples, has ever recaptured it and made it his own.

\* \* \*

Much in recent years has been written of the renaissance and the humanism of the twelfth century. Real humanism there was indeed, both of the literary and philosophical kind, of which John of Salisbury and the masters of the school of Chartres are instances, and of the more elusive personal kind, seen in the preoccupation with self-expression, and with an individual's own destiny and emotions, and found in one form in the long drama of Abelard and Héloïse, and in another in the dialogues of Ailred of Rievaulx and many another writer of biography or autobiography. In the last analysis this humanism is an attitude of mind, a mental climate, intangible and yet recognizable, that links the twelfth century with the ages of Augustine and of Petrarch, but not with the ages of Gregory the Great and of Aquinas. To historians of the last generation it would have seemed paradoxical to describe Bernard, the ascetic, the puritan, the Inquisitor, the enemy of Abelard, as a humanist. Yet so far as it is lawful to assign a great saint to this or that purely human group, Bernard is a humanist. No one who did not, on the purely human level, assign a value to emotion and feel the need for self-expression, could have composed Bernard's lament for his brother, or have expressed his own deepest feelings and experiences so frankly, and yet with such art, as did Bernard in the Sermons on the Canticle.

He is also a humanist of letters. Whoever may have been the unknown masters of the young Bernard at Châtillon-sur-Seine, their lessons were not wasted. Bernard was an *écrivain de race*, but the form of his writings was derived from his early training. Bernard, indeed, as we have seen, did what no other writer of his

age succeeded in doing. He created a new Latin style. His sentences lack altogether that sinuous, lilting rhythm so characteristic of Augustine's early writings. Bernard's Latin is far more nervous, more idiomatic; he has a wider vocabulary and relies upon idioms and individual phrases rather than upon the short sentences, the abrupt stops, and the repetition of phrases in themselves neutral that are so characteristic of Augustine. Bernard is a Ciceronian, not only in the sense that his thought and even his latest and deepest theological expressions owe, as M. Gilson has shown, a debt to Cicero, but also in the sense that his Latin, while lacking the intricate and masterly periods of the Roman, yet uses the words and expressions of the Ciceronian age far more than does Augustine's, and has far fewer reminiscences of Virgil and the satirists than has the Latin of John of Salisbury. And if John shows a greater virtuosity and a closer texture, the result of long exercise in a more exacting technique, Bernard excels him in clarity and directness, and, when need arises, in striking power.

Bernard does not, indeed, altogether neglect the poets. Occasional unexpected reminiscences occur, and have even crept into the breviary. But what others achieve by means of quotation from the poets, Bernard achieves by his use of Scripture. An intimate knowledge of every part of the Bible, and an ability to quote the inspired books constantly and with an appositeness that is often startling, has never been a test for distinguishing one saint from another. Augustine, Anselm, Aquinas and John of the Cross have nothing to learn from St. Bernard here. Where Bernard is unique is in the daring and exquisite poetic felicity of his quotations; this is indeed a stylistic property of his which is almost a mannerism, so that it could be, and was in fact, imitated by his admirers. Bernard uses a phrase or word of Scripture as Addison or Newman might use one of Shakespeare or Milton—sometimes for its beauty, sometimes with irony or scorn, sometimes to startle the reader into attention, sometimes to hint at a comparison, sometimes to point a contrast. A whole essay in style could be written on this point alone.

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Bernard has been called the last of the Fathers. The title is not inapt, if it is understood to mean that he is the last theologian of the first rank—at least till the age of St. François de Sales—to treat

points of doctrine great and small in self-contained monographs written in a meditative and discursive manner, without the direct appeal to logic and philosophy, and still more without the technical apparatus of question and resolution and schematic arrangement, that marks in greater or less degree all theological writing from Anselm onwards. Bernard was indeed not the last to write like this; there were lesser men, his followers and imitators, for almost a century longer, but Bernard was the last great anti-scholastic, and the form in which his works were written, comprehensible to all in any age, helped to carry them down the Middle Ages and into the epoch of the Reformation, unhindered by the changes of fashion and technique, and unharmed by the quarrels of the Ockhamists and the later Humanists.

He has also been called the Father of modern spirituality and devotion. This, perhaps, is a less defensible title. It is easy to say, but very hard to show, that any manifestation of Christian devotion or sentiment is first found in this or that saint or century. What we think is mediaeval can often be recognized in St. Augustine, or St. Ignatius of Antioch, or even in St. Paul. There is a whole school immediately before St. Bernard, the school inspired by St. Peter Damian and the other reformers of Italy, in whose writings many of the typical Bernardine devotions may be found already treated as commonplaces. It has been repeated *ad nauseam* that devotion to our Lady took a world-wide leap forward from St. Bernard's preaching; it is not so often recalled that the feast of her Conception and her Little Office were spreading in England and elsewhere before the Norman Conquest, anterior to, and quite independent, of, any Cistercian influence. Nevertheless it remains true that (to take once again an example from common experience) the normal reader of the breviary feels a sudden sense of familiarity when he stumbles upon a set of lessons from St. Bernard. Whether it is the Sacred Infancy, or the Compassion of our Lady, or her maternal advocacy, or whether it is St. Joseph, or the Holy Angels, or the Holy Souls, St. Bernard, when all allowance is made for the difference of tongues, speaks words which have a familiar ring for any Catholic reader of today, whereas St. Ambrose or St. Gregory may sound to him as Langland's poems do to the uninstructed reader of English verse. This, indeed, is one of Bernard's peculiar claims to the title of Doctor of the Church, and if his purely spiritual and devotional writings also are taken into account, it would be impossible to estimate—or to over-estimate—

the influence he has had in shaping the thoughts and devotions of Christendom—all the more so, since he was adopted as a master by all the schools of spirituality of the Counter-Reformation, whatever their other allegiances.

St. Bernard, though he would have drawn the line as sharply as any today between the ascetical teaching of some of his treatises and the devotional matter of others, would not so readily have isolated what is now called the 'mystical' element in his teaching from the rest. Till recently, indeed, modern writers would not readily have thought of Bernard as a mystic. His life of constant activity and of intense practical energy would have seemed to them alien to the character of a mystic. Recently there has been a change of opinion, but the full understanding of Bernard's teaching on the life of contemplation has yet to come. Abbot Butler, in particular, in his pioneer appreciation, was led by the pattern of his book to treat Bernard as the direct descendant of Augustine and Gregory, and as being, like them, an example of a 'Western' mysticism which has an implied superiority over other kinds. Nor should we be too hasty in regarding Bernard as a mystic *par excellence*. If any judgement of greater or less can ever be made in this field, it must be by a mystical theologian who weighs his words. It is enough perhaps to say that if we hold (and it is surely permissible to do so) that the highest and purest mystical teaching is that outlined in the discourses of our Lord after the Last Supper, that this life was lived (among others) by many of the monks of the desert, whose sayings and teaching have been preserved by Cassian, and that this same life was lived and analysed in theological terms by St. John of the Cross, then we may also say that some of the teaching and experiences recorded by Bernard are in harmony with, and are indeed a recognizable manifestation of part of that life.

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To many readers of history, Bernard is known almost solely as the protagonist in three great controversies: with the Cluniac monks, with Peter Abelard, and with Gilbert de la Porrée. These indeed are among the select number of historic controversies, among which may be reckoned the not dissimilar exchanges between Mabillon and de Rancé, and between Bossuet and Fénelon, which will probably always continue to attract and to retain the interest of later generations. The issues were such as arise in one

form or another in every age; the contestants were men who would give distinction to any issue. In the past hundred years the sympathies of most historians in this country have not been with St. Bernard. The prevailing spirit of Liberalism reacted from anything that savoured of intransigence or intellectual dictatorship, as well as from all forms of ecclesiastical domination, and the impression of intolerance and 'cock-sureness' conveyed by Bernard's style, rather than by his thought, have had the effect, as have similar qualities in Macaulay, of prejudicing the reader in favour of his victim. R. L. Poole, in his justly admired sketch of the thought of the period, records with some glee the escape of Gilbert de la Porrée from the net that was spread for his feet.

Much of this antipathy will vanish at a closer view, which takes account of the historical circumstances. In the first place, though to us, wise after the event, Bernard appears as the aggressor, the man with the big stick, it was in fact he, in at least two of the controversies, who more resembled the boy David. When he wrote his *Apologia* he was the young abbot of a young community, with its future still to make, engaging the serried ranks of the oldest and most influential monasteries of Europe. When he attacked Abelard he came forward as one who had come to challenge on his own ground the most brilliant and adored master of his age. Even later, when, now venerated, he joined issue with the bishop of Poitiers, he had an opponent who was intellectually his equal, technically his superior, and inferior, if at all, only in the deepest spiritual qualities of a theologian.

Of the three controversies the first, that against the older monasticism, is the most familiar, as being of the widest human interest. According to our sympathies, we may regard the issue as one between the gospel purity and man-made laxities, or as the attack of puritanism and rigorism upon humanity and charity. Though Bernard never wrote with greater verve, he was still young, and we may be pardoned for thinking that on occasion his zeal and even his virtuosity intoxicated his more sober judgement; on the other hand, Peter the Venerable, at least in his early rejoinders, may well have mistaken kindness for charity. Throughout the controversy, indeed, both antagonists seem to fire broadsides at a mirage rather than at the wide target that each presents to the other. Nevertheless, Bernard had the better case, and Peter's last actions, if not his words, go far to admit it.

In the matter of Abelard, much controversial dust has been

blown away in the past twenty years. Abelard's radical orthodoxy of intention is now generally admitted, and his brilliance not only as a dialectician, but as a constructive thinker, has been established by recent discoveries. His was of a truth one of the acutest minds of the whole scholastic period. At the same time, there is an almost equal agreement that Bernard seized with absolute precision upon his radical weakness, his ignorance of accurate theological language and, above all, his failure to realize the essentially supernatural character of the Christian revelation. As for Gilbert of Poitiers, the fight in a sense was drawn, and as a patristic scholar the bishop showed more capacity than Bernard. Nevertheless, even if Gilbert's views were not explicitly condemned they were, both philosophically and theologically speaking, barren and perverse. They rested upon an interpretation of ancient philosophy which could not have survived later criticism, and upon a terminology which must soon have become obsolete. When the two theological controversies are regarded from the viewpoint of posterity, and personalities are allowed to disappear, Bernard's interventions are seen to have been most salutary. Probably no other influence than his would have been powerful enough at the time to prevent the diversion of theological speculation into channels which would have ended in the sands.

Few writers have attacked their fellow-Christians with more vigour than St. Bernard; it is therefore worthy of notice that none of his major controversies ended in strife or hate. The first ended in the mutual respect and friendship of the abbots of Cluny and Clairvaux; the second, in the reconciliation between Bernard and Abelard brought about by Peter the Venerable, when the Peripatetic of Le Palais, now 'calm of mind, all passion spent', found in Bernard a charity which he had often failed both to find and to give in his earlier contests. As for the third debate, the two opponents parted with respect, perhaps even with sympathy, and in a well-known passage John of Salisbury, who knew and admired them both, though well on this side idolatry, speaks of them as finding together beyond the grave that sole and perfect truth of which each had seen imperfect fragments here below.

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Bernard's prestige, which on the whole had been steadily enhanced by all his activities and polemics, sustained one great and



patent shock in his later life. The Second Crusade, which in the eyes of contemporaries and historians alike is 'his' crusade, ended not only in disaster, but in what seemed to be a material and moral *débâcle*. Bernard himself felt the blow severely, but with his characteristic vigour and decision he laid the blame, where indeed it rested in the realm of events, upon the moral failings and ambitions and quarrels of the crusaders. His contemporaries and admirers also felt the blow, and one of his first biographers attacks the problem with a directness and sincerity that are altogether admirable. To Bernard's contemporaries the acutest difficulty was provided by the hail of signs and wonders (Bernard himself called it a 'coruscation') that had accompanied his preaching of the crusade in the Rhineland. Had God, then, led to destruction Bernard and those who responded to His call? Geoffrey found an answer, suggested at the time by the saint himself, and still valid for us. Bernard's preaching, so the argument ran, was directed to saving men's souls, whether they stayed at home or went on the crusade. The wonders were provided as a divine assistance to the hard of heart and unbelievers. If those who went set out with unworthy motives or lost their original high resolve, that was not to be imputed either to Bernard or to God. The argument, granted the premisses, is valid when urged by a saint; it would not be if urged by a statesman. The latter must be judged by worldly results, which it is his task to foresee and to achieve; the former looks only to the spiritual issue. Yet for us, the real problem lies elsewhere. Why, we ask, did Bernard ever lend his great authority to the stimulation of a crusade, which, as both recent experience and normal foresight would have told him, must inevitably become a maelstrom of human vice and suffering? The answer given by Bernard's apologists, and alleged by himself, was, that he acted at the pope's command. It is clear, however, from other of his utterances that Bernard did not intend this as a full explanation of all that had happened, and other actions of his make it abundantly clear that had he believed Eugenius III to be issuing an unlawful command, he would not have hesitated to say so. The pope's words had sent into action one who would have preferred to remain silent, not one who believed that action to be wrong. It is easy to say that one age can never understand the crusades and martyrdoms of another. Perhaps a truer expression is that devotion to an ideal takes different forms according to the degree of purity of the soul concerned. To many, in that age, to go on cru-

sade was their best expression of a devotion to our Lord. Those who condemn them must tell us what better form they have found of giving their lives for Him.

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The interests and activities of Bernard are so varied, his writings so varied and voluminous, that the person behind it all, and in particular the personality as sanctified by abundant grace, tends always to elude us. Yet when all is said and done Bernard's sanctity, his reflexion of the beauty of Christ, is the only significant thing about him.

Sanctity appears externally in two ways: in actions which convince the beholder that they are caused by a strength of divine love surpassing anything that merely human emotion or endeavour could achieve; and in the revelation of a character which is seen as a reflexion of Christ Himself. Modern readers, and Catholic theologians, though for different reasons and in very different ways, are in agreement in diverting attention from signs and wonders as a primary manifestation of holiness. To the contemporaries of St. Bernard they were its great, its most convincing manifestation, and as St. Bernard was unquestionably an outstanding thaumaturge his miracles bulk large in all the accounts of his life. More unexpectedly, perhaps, signs and wonders occupy more than two-thirds of his own account of the life of St. Malachy, though there (as doubtless always in Bernard's own mind, for he was well aware of his charisma) the emphasis is always upon the mighty work of God rather than upon the merit of the worker. Be that as it may, revealing details of the well-springs of Bernard's own sanctity are few. Such touches as we have are therefore precious indeed—his utter lack of self-assertion, characteristic in him from boyhood to death; his humility which would never allow him to believe that he could be of help to anyone; his reverence for all, his fear of none; his mother's love for every one of his sons. These, and the self-revelation of the Sermons on the Canticle, show us facets of the real Bernard, and we may believe that the monks of Clairvaux would have seen in their abbot a revelation of Christ which many kings and prophets (and among them John of Salisbury) would have failed to see. But perhaps it is in the glimpses we have of him as the lifelong sufferer, a man acquainted with infirmity and despised, never at rest or at ease, yet never stinting either



his daily task or his own demands upon his powers. Throughout his life, and from causes quite beyond his control, though not beyond his capacity for turning suffering into love, Bernard showed forth the Passion of His Master, and His Master's desire to give Himself utterly for others.

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Bernard's death marked the end of an epoch. Eugenius III died only a few days before, and with that double loss the great age of Cistercian intervention, and indeed the great monastic age of the Church, the 'Benedictine centuries', came to an end. The future lay outside the monasteries, with the schools, with the universities, with the friars. The leader, whose sound had gone forth over the whole world, and whose words had reached to the ends of the earth, was no more among men. Clairvaux had lost its prophet. 'My father, my father, the chariot of Israel and the horseman thereof.' The whole Church could indeed mourn, for Bernard had been to all a helpmeet in a speedful time, and in tribulation. The Lord had given to his voice a voice of power, and silence fell when it had gone. Yet in a real sense his voice is never silent, and many among his sons today will say, as his monks of Clairvaux could say: 'Because of the words of thy lips I have kept to the hard ways; I have found the living waters, which run with a strong stream from Lebanon.'

# CATHOLICISM OF THE GERMANIES

## A Profile

By ERIK R. v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

'Ne dites pas "les Allemands", il n'y a que "des Allemands".'

COUNT BENCKENDORFF,  
Russian Ambassador in London.

IF we want to delineate the profile of Catholicism in the German-speaking countries, we ought shortly to consider the geographic position of the Germanies—*les Allemagnes*, as the French would say. Within the framework of Europe they are occupying a most central location east and north of the Latins, west and south of the Slavs; every diagonal line on a map of the Old World would run across them. Yet while the Germanic peoples have a well-defined boundary with their Latin neighbours, their frontiers in the East are most irregular, branching out in islands and peninsulas, in mixed areas and tiny enclaves. Germans used to live in small settlements as far as the Volga and the Caucasus, while Slavs (Sorbs) can be found in Lusatia, an hour's drive from Berlin. German, moreover, used to be and still is, the *lingua franca* of Europe east of the Vosges and Trieste; and this vernacular, with its archaic forms reminiscent of Latin and Greek, is structurally and idiomatically much nearer to the Slavic languages than to the Romance-English group. The German writer, the German thinker, like his Czech or Russian counterpart, can invent and create words to express newly conceived ideas—an advantage and, at the same time, a disadvantage of this steadily growing language.

Thus if we were compelled to dispense with the term 'Central Europe', we might see in the Germanies a part of the 'East'. Henri Massis has done this in his *Défense de l'Occident*; the fascination which the East exercises on a great many Germans

has, indeed, always been considerable. Yet here we have to be reminded of the words of Nietzsche who has said that whatever one states about the Germans is at the same time right and wrong. (*Jenseits von Gut und Böse.*) Therefore we have to add in the same breath that there has been among some other Germans a morbid hatred of the East made up of a curious mixture of fear and contempt; and, certainly, if we visualize cities like Cologne, Dresden or Vienna, we cannot help realizing that they are much more akin to Brussels, The Hague or even to Paris, than to Belgrade, Bucharest or Moscow. Not in external forms, but only in intellectual subtleties can we find the East within the Germanies.

Yet apart from the Rhine-Danube frontier there are other European lines, folds and creases one has to keep in mind. There is, for instance, the invisible line Dover-Helsingfors separating the islands and peninsulas of almost purely Protestant Northern Europe from the Continent proper, and then there is also this great avenue of expansion along which 'classic' thought progressed organically; taking its origin in Ancient Greece it leads over Italy, France and England to North America avoiding countries like those of the Iberic Peninsula and the Germanies with their 'romantic' extremism or, rather, affecting them less than the nations right on its path. May our readers tolerate these generalities in a spirit of generosity since they have been designed to simplify a complicated task.

If we take an inventory of Catholicism within the German-speaking area, including Alsace, parts of Lorraine and Switzerland, Luxembourg, and the South Tyrol, not to mention the 'evacuated' regions further east (Bohemia, Moravia, Upper-Silesia, Southern Hungary, etc.), we find according to the statistics of 1930 a grand total of 37,000,000 people belonging to the Faith—as compared with 45,000,000 Protestants. This numerical relationship has since been changed in favour of the Catholics as several million Protestants (against a 'few' hundred thousand Catholics) from North-Eastern Germany perished in 1944-1946. The higher Catholic birth rate must also be taken into account. The West-German or 'Federal' Republic has a population of which *almost* one half is Catholic. Thus *more* than half of the German-speaking population under free governments, i.e. west of the Iron Curtain, belongs to the Catholic Church.

In Germany these Catholics used to live mostly in pretty well defined areas of a specific historical background. The immoral

principle *Cuius regio, eius religio* had produced ecclesiastically homogeneous areas several hundred years ago. This picture is being changed to some extent by the immigration of Silesians, Varmians and Sudeten-Germans into the once solidly Protestant areas of North-Central Germany, and by the shifting of East-Germans into the Catholic regions of the West and the South—to whom must be added the steady stream of refugees from the D.D.R. (German Democratic Republic, i.e. the old Eastern Zone, or Soviet-Germany) with its mere 1.8 million Catholics. On the whole the immigration of Protestants into Catholic districts has been much larger than the settlement of Catholics in the Protestant parts. To what extent the Protestant expellees *in partibus fidelium* will be subject to a process of resorption remains to be seen. On the ledger of mixed marriages they seem to be the losers.

No *radical* changes have taken place in the sociological picture of the two religions. In mixed areas (they were relatively few) the Catholics tended to be more strongly represented in the rural than in the urban districts. There are several former imperial cities like Augsburg (where Lutheran principles received their solemn formulation in 1530) which have become Catholic by constant infiltration from the surrounding villages. The burghers and the *haute bourgeoisie* are the Protestant layers *par excellence*, whereas Catholicism remains stronger in the peasantry, the working class, the lower middle class and the nobility. Industrialization was swifter and more marked in Protestant areas, and the Protestant entrepreneur had, in mixed regions, the edge over his Catholic competitor. (The Ruhr fortunes and the wealth of Upper-Silesia was mostly in Protestant hands, but the situation on the Ruhr has gone through profound changes.) One can see where Max Weber received his inspirations for his theory on the Protestant fatherhood of capitalism. These affinities and distributions had a lasting effect on Protestant and Catholic mentalities in Germany and Switzerland, and to a lesser degree in Austria.

The numerical status of Catholicism has political rather than sociological importance. It has also far-reaching effects in the field of religious discipline, as the basis of the broad distinction between the two categories: (A) Catholicism of the dispersion, and (B) Catholicism of the 'solidly' Catholic nations. Austrian Catholicism, undoubtedly, belongs to group B. In Germany proper, areas with large Catholic majorities and a long tradition of Catholic government are B *rather than* A. Yet the Catholics of Varmia

(in the heart of East Prussia), of the Bautzen district in Saxony, of Berlin, and even those of Westphalia and the Eichsfeld (now in the D.D.R.), owing to their isolation from the main body of Catholics, had, *in varying degrees*, the character and attitude of minority Catholics<sup>1</sup>: though the Berlin 'colony' alone represented this mind in an unequivocal form (mitigated by a cosmopolitan outlook). The other four regions merely had a strong touch of it. Yet a shrewd observer could notice a very slight dash of A-mentality everywhere outside of Southern Bavaria and the left shore of the Rhine. Prussian hegemony, the *Kulturkampf* and Nazi oppression were instrumental in creating a certain atmosphere vaguely reminiscent of the minds of Catholics in the dispersion. Even the considerable political and the slowly increasing financial power of Catholics has not entirely eliminated certain Ghetto features of German Catholicism. These are also apparent in some cantons of Switzerland where the memories of 1847 are not entirely dead and where bourgeois radicalism (*bürgerlicher Freisinn*) with a Protestant background still shows anti-Catholic tendencies: the Jesuits are still legally outlawed in Switzerland, but theory and practice in several cantons are generously divorced.

Yet behind these Catholic limitations and inhibitions are the memories of the Holy Roman Empire, never quite lost. It is significant for the contradictory character of the Germanies that as a 'serious legal fiction' it survived the Reformation for almost 300 years. King George IV, when he received Metternich in Hanover (1821), referred to Francis of Austria as *notre empereur*. The concrete hope of an early restoration vanished only with 1866 and 1871. The Hitlerian monstrosity represented the deepest fall of the Germans, from universalism to racialism; receiving in due course the punishment which lies in store for every people betraying its true mission in the world.

Protestantism in Germany is passing through a crisis. Though eirenic contacts constitute the keynote in Protestant-Catholic relationships, we still see in certain sectors a real fear-hatred of 'Rome', which is most evident in the circles around Pastor Niemöller. They see the bulk of German Protestantism enslaved (in the D.D.R.) and seem almost convinced that this is part of a plot between the Vatican and the White House. These circles,

<sup>1</sup> Thus 'blackest' Germany is to be found in the Aschendorf-Hümmling district, adjoining East Frisia along the northernmost border of the Netherlands. Here we find the lowest percentage of Nazis (3 per cent according to 31 July 1932 elections) and one of the highest birth rates of Germany.

moreover, accuse the German Catholics of not sincerely desiring the reunion of the two Germanies separated by the Iron Curtain; they vaguely look towards Russia for the furthering of their political desires. With their (most unofficial) slogan 'Rather Moscow than Rome' they are, nevertheless, merely a noisy, small minority and not at all truly representative of the E.K.D., the Evangelical Church of Germany.<sup>1</sup> As a matter of fact, there are hardly any Catholics resigned to leave 18,000,000 Germans to Muscovite atheism for ever. Even though the Catholics of the Federal Republic might lose their near-preponderance in numbers after reunion, they are bound in conscience to stand for the elimination of an evil which, after the Korean pattern, might plunge all Europe into war. Nor are they willing, like the Niemöllerites, to accept the provisional settlement in the East, since the overpopulation of Germany with millions of refugees can only facilitate the rise of new destructive mass movements.

In the general relationship between the two main religions, the most striking feature is the *rapprochement* which has taken concrete shape ever since 1933 and has gained momentum in 1945.<sup>2</sup> Of course, the exaggerated hopes of the months after the collapse of the Third Reich have not matured. To some optimists reunion then seemed to be just around the corner. The *Una Sancta* Movement (founded in 1925) had suddenly branched out during the first stage of the occupation. (Its leader, Dr. Metzger, had been murdered by the Nazis in 1944. He was succeeded by Fr. M. Laros.) Study-circles were organized in the bigger cities; Professor Karl Adam gave three lectures in the Protestant church of St. Mark in Stuttgart; the Benedictine Father Hugo Lang founded

<sup>1</sup> The enigmatic figure of Pastor Niemöller can only be properly understood in the light of pure Lutheran theology and against the background of a full understanding of German 'rebellionism'. Demobilized as a U-boat commander he became in the Weimar Republic first a monarchist, then a Nazi. Under the Nazis he turned into an anti-Nazi and was thrown into a concentration camp. From the concentration camp, while continuing his protests against Hitler *qua* Christian, he volunteered in 1939 for the navy *qua* good (Lutheran) citizen. His sons also volunteered. In Dachau he almost became a Catholic, but after his release (and after an unfortunate trip to America) he found Germany 'dominated' by the United States and the predominantly Catholic C.D.U. Thus he turned against Rome and Washington. Today people pray that he may settle down in the D.D.R. The present writer, who had a long conversation with Pastor Niemöller in New York (1946) has no doubts about the absolute sincerity of the man. Yet honesty and sincerity are not enough.

<sup>2</sup> An early move towards reunion was made by Karl Thieme and several hundred pastors in an address to the Holy Father, which caused Rosenberg's wrath. (Cf. his article: *Protestantische Rompilger*.) Reunion also played a large rôle in the Resistance Movement; Fr. Delp, S.J., the author of *Tragic Existence* (a treatise on Heidegger), and Pastor Bonhoeffer, a poet of renown, were both active in it, and were also among those executed.



in Munich an institute for the study of the Reformation in order to bring the Churches closer together. Today, in retrospect, one has to be grateful for the Vatican's insistence on greater caution and prudence: if this call had not been heeded, the awakening and the sobering-up process would have been unduly painful. The promulgation of the Dogma of the Assumption as well as the Encyclical *Humani Generis* produced a minor crisis in Catholic-Protestant relations. Protestant periodicals like *Christ und Welt*, famous for its eirenic temper and general fairness, had a difficult task to manage editorially this rough passage. Yet today even the scars of this particular controversy are no longer visible. The special number of *Christ und Welt* published for the Evangelical Congress in Stuttgart (1952) carried a surprising quantity of Catholic matter, including an appeal to the Protestants by the Jesuit Franz zu Löwenstein (to cling fast to their faith and not to yield to religious relativism), which attracted special attention. Again, at the last *Katholikentag* in Berlin the Catholics took full advantage of Protestant hospitality in churches, private homes and assembly halls. The Catholic bishop who presided was a personal guest of the Lutheran Bishop Dibelius. In spite of Pastor Niemöller's anti-Catholic blasts, nowhere in the world is there today such a close human, cultural and spiritual interchange between Catholics and Protestants as in Germany. The situation in Austria is somewhat similar. In Switzerland the Catholic-Calvinist antithesis is more marked.

What then, the reader will ask, is the reason for this state of affairs? The Germanies were the cradle of the Reformation: there is, therefore, among sensitive German Catholics and Protestants a conscious-subconscious feeling of collective historical responsibility for this fateful scission of Western Christendom intensified today by the painful realization of a loss of national unity. The common yoke of anti-Christian National-Socialism in the Third Reich was a factor of unity; so is the threat of International Communism in the present. These common menaces have resulted in the establishment of the C.D.U. (Christian-Democratic Union) in which Catholics and Protestants collaborate. It is also true that the purely doctrinal differences between Catholicism and Lutheranism are more superficial than those between our faith and the creeds based directly or indirectly on Calvinism: the 'Augsburg Confession' marks less of a break than the Thirty-nine Articles.

The controversy between Catholics and Protestants in Germany is today more than ever dominated by the person and personality of Luther; frequently one has the feeling that the discussion between that erratic, dynamic Augustinian and Dr. Eck has never been suspended. Yet the tone of the polemics has changed. The days of such learned and severe, but loveless, judges as Denifle and Grisar, are gone. For educated Catholics Luther has ceased to be merely the ambitious neurotic who wanted to marry a nun; among them the view is gaining ground that here was a man prompted by genuine religious motives and interests, a temperamental genius and one of the most tragic figures in our religious history. There are repellent traits in Luther, but for the Germans, whose literary language he has created, he will always exercise a human appeal, clearly apparent in the work of Catholics like Adam, Hessen, Laros, and Lortz, among many.

Official hostility to the Church, where it has existed, had a character rather different from the brand familiar to the English-speaking nations. Penal laws were practically unknown in the Germanies (the fiction of the Catholic overlord in the person of the *Sacra Maiestas Romana* made them impossible), and though old Prussia discriminated in a way against Catholics, these were able to get high cabinet posts (e.g. J. M. v. Radowitz). Even during the *Kulturkampf* the Catholics sometimes received aid and comfort from Protestant sympathizers in high positions; the person of E. L. v. Gerlach inevitably comes to one's mind. The German Romantic Movement (1810-30) had produced a wave of conversions among leading intellectuals and artists. Frederick William IV of Prussia, to whom a Hohenzollern-Germany without the Habsburgs seemed an abomination, had distinct Catholicizing tendencies. The Empress Augusta (wife of William I) was constantly suspected by Bismarck of being a Catholic at heart. William II had none but the most cordial relations with the Church; he was a great patron and frequent visitor of Maria-Laach Abbey from the time of the Beuron foundation, which he encouraged in a dynastic way. On the other hand, the Catholic kings of Saxony ruled over a people 98 per cent Lutheran. A score of churches are still used by Catholics jointly with Protestants, in Germany and Switzerland: at the entrance of these *Simultankirchen* we see the notice-boards of the two communities hanging peacefully side by side. And the number of Protestant churches which have never



been deprived of their old Catholic interior decoration, the pictures, statues, stained glass windows, is legion. Often the absence of a tabernacle is the only evidence of the tragic passing into other hands; whether in Sankt Sebaldus and Sankt Lorerz at Nüremberg, or in the Cathedral of Ulm—the Gothic glory of these edifices abounds in artistic evidences of ‘Popery’ better preserved than in French Catholic churches sacked during the Revolution.

Of course, all this does not mean that German Catholics at all times enjoyed full liberty and perfect equality. The Second Reich during its Imperial period (1871–1918) had, under Prussian leadership, a distinctly Protestant character: although the Catholics, as a highly organized minority, were able to gain and to hold certain ‘fortified positions’, it was not until 1917 that they succeeded in filling the post of an Imperial Chancellor with a distinguished Catholic scholar (Count Hertling). The same year saw the revocation of the anti-Jesuit laws, a survival from the *Kulturkampf*.<sup>1</sup> The German Army (unlike the Navy) discriminated repeatedly against Catholics, an attitude which ruined the career of such a brilliant soldier as General Hutier. The Protestants only too often prided themselves on being, as Lutherans, the ‘better Germans’; while the Catholics, to restore the balance, sometimes *overemphasized* their Germanism, though, at heart, they were the more internationally minded group.

This again does not mean that the Catholics had not their happy hunting-grounds. In the diplomatic corps they suffered no handicap. Outside the Marxist fold they were the leaders in the labour movement. Thus their social strength lay at the two extremes of the scale, never in the real strategic centre.

How deep rooted is German Catholicism as a faith? Obviously fervour is greatest where the minority feeling is most acute. Austrian and Bavarian Catholicism is laxer than that of Switzerland or the Rhineland. There are regions in Westphalia where

<sup>1</sup> The Centre-Party (*das Zentrum*), composed of Catholics from all social strata, soon had a dominating position because it sat in the very centre of the *Reichstag* and, owing to its middle-of-the-road ideology, was able to enter coalitions with the Right or with the Left. In fact, practically no government until 1933 was thinkable without Centrist support, a circumstance which soon started to irk the Protestant majority of Germany (as it irritates today the Dutch Protestants faced with a similar situation). The absence of a Protestant Emperor made Centrist domination all through the Weimar Republic inevitable, leading to a clash of Catholic ‘inferiority’ (in the form of a well-organized minority) pitted against Protestant ‘inferiority’ (in the form of a helpless majority). At present the C.D.U. by its very existence aims at obviating a recurrence of these sentiments.

close to 90 per cent of the population regularly attend Mass. In the past the rural areas made a far better showing than the towns; but since the Second World War the countryside (where hardship was least) has shewn alarming signs of religious aridity, particularly a catastrophic recession of vocations—just as in France, where this shift took place a generation earlier. Thus in the Austrian Tyrol (population 420,000 of whom 98,000 are Innsbruckers) 80 per cent of the theological students are of urban stock, 61 per cent coming from Innsbruck alone; whereas in 1920 four-fifths of the vocations were rural. The situation in Germany in this regard is not radically different.

In the wider picture, it is significant that inquiries as to the desire for the restoration of the *Bekenntnisschule* (state supported 'denominational' schools in Germany) have revealed an average of 89 per cent of the parents in favour. Another example: the Churches in Germany and Austria are now self-supporting and collect their own taxes, with the support of legal sanctions. In order to avoid the (most rarely invoked) bailiffs nothing is simpler than formally to leave the Church. Yet 97 per cent of all those residing in the centre of Vienna pay their dues, a ratio decreasing to 78 per cent in some of the reddest districts in the Soviet borough of the dissected metropolis. Of course, these data are not indicative of the percentages of practising Catholics. There are, in the Germanies, regions with not 90 but as little as 30 per cent church attendance on Sundays. On the other hand it is true that, in the cities, matters have improved during and since the Second World War. The frequency of Holy Communion in Vienna, for instance, has increased by 40 per cent over the 1937 level. Still, one must be careful in drawing conclusions from such data. We have seen very indifferent Catholics standing up heroically under Nazi pressure, and *dévots* failing completely.

The position of the Church among intellectuals has been greatly improved, and the younger generation is turning to her in greater numbers. (This year almost half the Catholic students of Innsbruck University participated in an open retreat.) This is a radical change from the conditions of fifty or even twenty-five years ago. A similar development can be seen in France: if we compare the recent statistics published by *Réalités* in 1952 with the picture presented to us by the Germanies, the difference between German and French Catholicism, in these respects, seems to be one of degree, rather than of pattern. Both are characterized

by urbanization, intellectualization and a stronger religious proclivity of the higher social layers. As in so many other cases, the Rhine is a hyphen rather than a dividing line.

The parallels between French and German Catholicism, naturally, are less manifest in the realms of pure theology, though even here a *rapprochement* has decidedly taken place since 1940. We are referring primarily to the somewhat 'existential' aspects of philosophical currents affecting theology in both countries, trends which in France had their forerunners in Blondel as well as in the school of Le Senne and Lavelle. During the nineteen-thirties and the years of the occupation in France a Christian existentialism (Gabriel Marcel) came to the fore, while two German philosophers of the same school, and both indebted to Kierkegaard, had died in the Third Reich: Peter Wust and Theodor Haecker. Fr. Erich Przywara, S.J. (whom I am tempted to call an existentialist) and Martin Heidegger (who had started out as a Jesuit novice) survived them. Yet whereas France always had fully participated in the revival of Scholasticism, German Thomism or Neo-Thomism, in spite of its German roots (St. Albertus Magnus!) never had truly gathered momentum. Among German Thomists the only names which would quickly come to my mind are those of Hans Meyer and the late Martin Grabmann, a historian rather than a philosopher or theologian. Thus in the realm of abstract thought Germany is decidedly in the East which has always been characterized by the ascendancy of *sapientia* over *scientia*.

Of course, such procedure in the realm of the intellect is not without its dangers and Hugo von Hoffmannsthal has warned us that in the Germanies there is a lot of 'not properly realized form' (made worse by the fireworks of the German language with its limitless possibilities) which tends to parade as *Tiefe*, as 'depth'. Germany and Austria, as we see, are characterized by a paradoxical intellectualization of an ideological pattern without having necessarily the benefit of a strict logicity. These considerations, needless to say, are emphasizing the 'safeness' of Thomism which is *de rigueur* for all those who have a teaching mandate from the Church.<sup>1</sup> The Germanies, theologically speaking, prefer the risk (with its hope of enormous gains) to safety. They have been more influenced by St. Augustine, St. Bonaventure,

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Michel Labourdette, O.P., 'Les enseignements de l'encyclique *Humani Generis*', in *Revue Thomiste*, LVIII (1950), p. 44, who stresses the element of safety and the obligations of the teaching priest, but freely admits: 'On peut être chrétien sans être Thomiste.'

Suso, Tauler, Nicholas Cusanus, Ekkehard and Newman than by the early or late Scholastics.<sup>1</sup>

The Germans are an agglomeration of tribes who, unlike the Latins, have cool hearts but fire on their brains. Nor are they friends of half-measures—an attitude shared by a certain 'non-classic' French type, as well as by Russians, Poles and Spaniards; for there is no more about *measure*—*μεσότης*—in Léon Bloy, in Dostojewski, in the Spanish Mystics, than in the German political ideologists. In thinking thoughts to the bitter end—a process not necessarily subjected to the laws of strict logic—they are liable to reach impressive altitudes, and depressing depths, which frighten the rest of the world.<sup>2</sup> Hence the originality of theology in the Germanies; an originality that, it must be admitted, *sometimes* deserves the censure implied in Gilson's mention of Abelard's 'blessed state of ignorance which makes it so easy for a clever man to be original'. Besides, the German language, malleable as wax and flexible as steel, can be a powerful obstacle to the expansion of thought. Some of the best German authors, theological, philosophical and other, have remained strangers to the Western (and Far-Western) World. Thus, though part of the *Analogia Entis* of Fr. Przywara could be translated, his preface to the *Augustinian Synthesis* had to be abandoned—after three vain attempts.<sup>3</sup> One wonders whether the Swiss Hans Urs von Balthasar's work on Karl Barth will ever find an English translator, or whether an author like F. Heer will ever reach the British or the American public.

For the average Anglo-Saxon, the difficulties in penetrating the soul of Germanic Catholicism are exemplified by failure to appreciate Baroque architecture. In Austria, Bavaria and parts of Catholic Switzerland, it became the one great ecclesi-

<sup>1</sup> In order to appreciate the difference between German and 'Western' theology, it may be worthwhile to recount the little experience I had recently when I met for the first time with one of Germany's most famous theologians. After the first exchange of polite phrases I asked the professor for his views on a problem which requires a great deal of research. Almost proudly he pointed out that he knew practically nothing about the whole issue. 'You see,' he said kindly, 'I do not derive my ideas from books. I observe. I look at life. I talk with people and I am thinking things over all by myself. As a matter of fact, I read very, very little.' How reminiscent of St. Bernhard's: *Aliquid amplius invenies in sylvis quam in libris!*

<sup>2</sup> Even better than Miss E. M. Butler's study on German extremism is Baron von Hügel's brilliant essay in *The Quest* (Vol. VI, No. 3, April 1915), entitled 'The German Soul and the Great War'.

<sup>3</sup> Authors like Heidegger, not to mention the 'poetic fiction writers', suffer the same handicap. On the other hand one can translate *into* German from all languages, since the language permits the coining of new words to cover newly-introduced terms. Thus J. Bernhart translated the *pietas* of St. Thomas with *Blutspflichtverbundenheit*.

astical art, and helped to form a particular mentality and outlook. Up to a certain point it is the key with whose aid one can unlock the heart of a large geographical section of the Catholic Germanies. This is not only true of the Danubian and Alpine areas, but also of the Rhineland, the Black Forest, parts of Hesse and Silesia: regions which have neither the hot summers, the cruel sun and the desert-like barren hills of the Mediterranean, nor the humid, foggy climate of the European North-west, nor the endless, wintry nights of the North with its limitless, dark forests. Here we are in the world of the 'happy medium', with a rather Epicurean and sensuous taste for the good things of life, with gay carnivals and a fairly liberal attitude in matters of sex, with a great love for aesthetic beauty, a predilection for music and a not conspicuously urgent craving for sanctity. The causes for the beatification of seventeen Austrians are under consideration by local bishops and the Holy See,<sup>1</sup> but in the last 100 years only one has been canonized—Saint Clement Maria Hofbauer, and one beatified—Blessed Engelbert Kolland. The German and Swiss record is no more impressive. This may serve as a curious footnote to the story of German extremism; it shows again that whatever one may say about this part of the world is right and wrong at the same time.

This lack of (canonized) saints has reasons entirely different from those which produce the same phenomenon in Ireland. Catholicism in Austria and in South and West Germany is admittedly rather *gemütlich* and urbane; it has a 'democratic' (better: demophile) character devoid of all clericalism; with a gaiety of its own and a subtle lack of discipline which shocks visitors from beyond the Channel and the Atlantic. Again one is faced by a seeming paradox, since discipline is supposed to be a notorious Germanic virtue. Yet the Germanies are a *complexio oppositorum*; whether Germans are really such paragons of discipline is highly debatable. It could easily be argued that they merely have a sense for an external 'mechanical' drill, hiding a strong anarchical undercurrent. Remember the saying of Ernst Jünger: 'Of all the masks of freedom, discipline is the most impenetrable.' Neither in England nor in America would it be conceivable that the chief of the counterespionage during a war

<sup>1</sup> Among those whose beatification process has advanced furthest, the following should be mentioned: John Nepomuk Neumann who became fourth bishop of Philadelphia, John Nepomuk von Tschiderer, Bishop of Trent, F. J. Rudigier, Bishop of Linz, Archduchess Magdalen of Austria, Countess M. T. Ledóchowska.



should work methodically against his own government; or that the General Staff should seek an opportunity to arrest the Head of the State: hence also the tragic failure of the Kordt mission in Downing Street in 1938! Thus *order* on the Continent in general, and in the Germanies (and Russia) in particular, can only be achieved through coercive measures, through 'government-from-above': the theory of personal volition in the service of order ('self-control') is a Counsel of Perfection.

The absence of all forms of clericalism is partly explained by the importance of lay activity. Catholic Action is very much alive, Catholic associations, Catholic presses, Catholic sodalities and clubs, Catholic charities and study circles abound. One can move in the field of Catholic Action for a long time without seeing a priest; or, sometimes, without being sure of having seen a priest, because black ties occasionally replace Roman collars. One can meet laymen who have been priests and are secularized, one meets former Jesuits who now are secular priests, and if one is very lucky one might run across Pfarrer Rudolf Goethe, who has been a Lutheran pastor and is now a married priest. Moreover, the priests one usually comes in contact with are not only *sacerdotes* but also men with intellectual aspirations. In Germany they have studied their theology in state universities. There is a certain aloofness and air of independence in the Germanic clergy which, in the last decades, has produced at the top of the ecclesiastic ladder some really remarkable men: Cardinal von Faulhaber, Cardinal Count Galen, the 'Lion of Münster', Cardinal Count Preysing—men who did not let one forget that the bishops in the Holy Roman Empire had been mighty princes. Of course there are exceptions.<sup>1</sup> Yet let no one suppose that the poor priests are crushed or overwhelmed by these very imposing successors of the Apostles with faces of high-sea skippers rather than of ecclesiastics. I have in my hand a printed leaflet written by a priest belonging to the diocese of Archbishop Rohrer of Salzburg, the *Primas Germaniae*, which carries a furious (but, in my opinion, very foolish) protest against the latter's endeavours for the release of former National-Socialists. This happened in Austria, but the same thing

<sup>1</sup> Inevitably the unfortunate Cardinal Innitzer comes to one's mind. It must be remembered, though, that his guilt looks less shocking if one knows all the circumstances which were revealed in 1945: and that half a year after signing his famous appeal he assailed the Nazis in a thundering sermon in the best Faulhaber-Galen manner, a sermon which resulted in public demonstrations against the Nazis. These brought heavy reprisals. Cardinal Innitzer may have been lacking in wisdom, but he is certainly not a coward.

could occur in Germany. Not such a very long time ago *Michael*, a rather aggressive Catholic periodical, wrote that in reading many episcopal pronouncements one gets the impression that they have been composed behind impregnable walls in a spirit dangerously remote from this world. Nor has the fiery attack of Ida Friederike Görres (Countess Coudenhove) against the German clergy (written in 1946) ever been forgotten. One of the bishops even read it aloud to his assembled priests. . . .

Intellectually the strength of Catholicism is greater than it has been since 1517. The level and the influence of the Catholic periodicals testify to this. (Note that *several* of them have a Protestant adviser on their editorial board in order not to lose touch with our separated brethren!) Equally impressive is the number of Catholics who write for secular publications. As the only body with real continuity and the only spiritual-intellectual tradition to have escaped bankruptcy, Catholicism in the Germanies holds a position equalled by no other doctrine or movement.

All this does not imply that there are no inherent weaknesses, no soft spots in Germanic Catholicism. There is the rural problem to which we have alluded. There is also today a *general* scarcity of vocations, partly explained by the possibilities open to laymen who would dedicate all their efforts and energies to the Church. These opportunities in the Germanies are larger than in some other countries because there we have that elusive thing called Christian Party Politics. New, too, is the absence of a *Jugendbewegung*, a Youth Movement in the pre-1933 sense, whose sometimes irrational dynamism and drive is missed, even within the Church. And then there is the ill-defined wound caused by the years of National-Socialism; the paralysing period of suspension and suffocation has painfully interrupted the process of Catholic ascendancy. This gap is still felt.

Thoughtful observers do not see the return of Catholics to party politics as a pure gain. At the same time it is obvious that, within the democratic framework, Catholics are being forced to descend into the political arena in order to defend the rights of their Church by banding together in one or several parties. Bismarck's National-Liberals with their attacks against the Church were instrumental in bringing about the *Zentrum's* ascendancy. The collapse of the Third Reich and the menace from the East, no less than the policies of the two large occupation powers in the

West, for a long time hostile to Christian interests,<sup>1</sup> made the establishment of a Christian Party imperative. At the beginning there were three of them in the field—the Christian Social Union, the Christian Democratic Union and the newly revived *Zentrum*. The first two soon combined. Only the *Zentrum*, with some support in the Ruhr area, is a Catholic Party in the strict sense of the word. It stands, in economic matters, on the left. The two other parties combining Catholics and Protestants, even before their fusion, took over most of the old Centrist guard. There is little doubt that the Catholic hierarchy favours the interdenominational C.D.U.-C.S.U., rather than the small 'Centre', which, after all, is only a larger splinter party. The latter's differences with the C.D.U. of Dr. Adenauer are not so much concerned with the question whether co-operation with Protestants is desirable in principle; it is rather the old suspicion that close collaboration with the Protestant *haute bourgeoisie* might involve sacrifice of the social programme and principles befitting a Christian (read: Catholic) party. Against this, the social and economic notions of the *Zentrum* are frequently more 'radical' than those of the Vatican—there were minor frictions; while the 'neo-liberal' economic policy of the C.D.U.-F.D.P. coalition can take credit for the rapid recovery of Western Germany.<sup>2</sup>

One of the neuralgic points of German Catholicism is the fear of an overbearing Protestant ascendancy, derived from the long years of Prussian domination—while the average German Protestant is often beset by the fear of submergence in a Catholic Western Europe. To complicate the situation, there is the leftist *ressentiment* of the Catholic worker for the Protestant boss, and that of the Catholic *petit bourgeois* for the Protestant reserve officer. These are attitudes important for the full understanding of the *Zentrums-katholik*, and it would be a grave mistake to think that this human type is an isolated phenomenon. There are certain German Catholics, religiously open-minded, but socially handicapped, exhibiting a modicum of Ghetto mentality in harmony with a (very moderate) leftism. Other countries for similar reasons have produced

<sup>1</sup> In the very beginning of the occupation Britain and America co-operated with the 'Great Eastern Democracy.' Dr. Adenauer was hardly back in his place as Lord Mayor of Cologne when he was deposed, under the pretext of 'not being competent to manage so large a city'. Bishop Galen's arrest was averted at the last moment. Even after the East-West honeymoon, the hostility of the Anglo-American occupation against 'reactionaries' continued for a long time.

<sup>2</sup> The extent to which party lines deviate from sociological realities is suggested by a recent German Gallup poll, shewing that the average Socialist voter has a higher income than the average C.D.U. supporters.



a similar type. The German Catholic of the middle classes, as compared with the German Protestant, is not entirely sure of himself, often a little too ready to 'seek contacts' with the great currents of the day. This they tend to do with unseemly haste, for fear the Church might 'miss the bus'. Similarly, a few German Catholics have in the past been ludicrously nationalistic to show that, in spite of their attachment to Rome, they could be 'good Germans'; overlooking the fact that the best (and the most subtly arrogant) German position is to be supra-national. The almost metaphysical notion of supranationalism remains always alien to the *katholischer Spiessbürger*. I am not referring here to the *punaises de sacristie*, German version, but to the 'forward-looking Catholic' who tries to compete with Socialists, Liberals, National Socialists, ready to stretch his Catholic views as far as they will go without falling into formal heresy, . . . instead of developing a generous plan of conquest of his own. 'Progressive' German Catholicism always had a provincial air about it, and in the times of persecution it was discovered that the reactionaries made a much better stand. The latter were also taken much more seriously by the Nazis and, later, by the Communists.

A delicate chapter also are the relationships between German Catholicism and the Vatican. The Catholic German intellectual (and not he alone!) is pervious to anti-Roman sentiments. There are ethnical and even 'folkloric' reasons for this attitude; the German is full of nostalgia for Italy, but has no corresponding respect for its people. This is a common Northern failing. Luther, and many before and after him, could play on these feelings. The good German, in addition, is a 'federalist', naturally opposed to all centralization. Thus the formula *nicht römisch, sondern katholisch* (with a meaning entirely different from the Anglican version) has had its echo in the Germanies. Even France had her equivalent of these sentiments, mixed up with Gallicanism and the eternal quest for independent originality. In the background of all this there are traces of envy on the part of the *filles aînées de l'Église* (who produced Calvin), and of the People of the Holy Roman Empire (which gave birth to Luther), for the ecclesiastical position of the Italians.

Yet this slight chagrin has co-existed in the German Catholics of the last three generations with a great devotion and enthusiasm for the *person* of the Holy Father; conversely, the Germanic peoples are *personae gratae* in the Vatican, having received numerous tokens of papal affection in the recent past. The

Vatican has always been able to distinguish, more clearly than others, between the Two Germanies. This explains the attitude of the Holy See during the two World Wars. Yet the greatest enthusiasm for Pius XII or his predecessors does not eliminate Northern suspicions of Italian 'inactivity' and 'unreliability'; the *Nongesta Dei per Italianos* is a theme frequently heard north of the Alps. The inherent strength of the Italian people is not clearly seen, nor the advantage of the Holy See's location among a people lacking in fanaticism, and gifted with a sense of humour no less than with humble sanctity.

The intellectual contribution of Germanic Catholicism is indeed far more conspicuous than that of the Italians. The *Germania docet* is still in German ears. Yet while we have, on one hand, the brilliant names of theologians, philosophers and thinkers like those of Pribilla, Guardini, Karrer, the brothers Rahner, Schnabel, Arnold, Adam, Heer, Coudenhove-Görres, Pieper, Hildebrand, Thieme, Dirks, Przywara, Bernhart, Böhm, Jungmann, the picture presented to us by Catholic literature is less reassuring. Certainly we have here writers who are poets, who are *Dichter* rather than *Schriftsteller*. The names of Gertrud von Le Fort, Karl Waggerl, Reinhold Schneider, Ruth Schaumann, Werner Bergengruen and Edzard Schaper come to mind. (Even these are mostly converts.) As 'poetic writers' many of their works are well-nigh untranslatable; thus, with one or two exceptions, they are almost completely unknown to the world at large. Even within the framework of 'non-exportable' books one would look in vain for the Catholic novel. Elisabeth Langgässer, who died not long ago, made most interesting efforts in writing Catholic fiction, but even in her own country the echo was very limited. More successful is Stefan Andres with his bulky fragments; but his curious work is of a type very different from that of Bernanos or Greene, Mauriac or Waugh. There is a whole score of minor 'agrarian' writers producing (poetically perfect) stories with a rural background, but they would never play a rôle in world literature and the very subjects they have chosen are indicative of their 'flight'.

It hardly needs stressing that the works of neither Elisabeth Langgässer nor Stefan Andres are published by Catholic firms;<sup>1</sup> they would be found much too 'obscene'. Squeamishness is certainly not one of the German vices; neither Vienna, nor

<sup>1</sup> There are no less than twenty-six larger Catholic publishing houses—some of them very large—in Germany, Austria and the German-speaking parts of Switzerland. *Parturiunt montes*. . . .

Munich or Cologne have ever been known for their excessive puritanism: but in this field the sociological aspects of German Catholicism make themselves painfully felt—petty bourgeois Jansenism in the Catholic publishing world, an odd perfectionism in editorial policies, fear of originality, and a certain lack of sovereignty of mind. The Catholic social and intellectual élites, needless to say, are completely catholic in their reading habits and they are no strangers to Catholic world literature; but as potential customers they are too few numerically to measure up to the Protestant *grand bourgeois*, who is a great reader and a great book-buyer, though not of Protestant but of secular literature. Thus the literary situation brings out a certain malaise within German Catholicism into sharp relief. . . .

What then is the mission of Germanic Catholicism? First of all, I would be inclined to name the problem of Reunion. A wound should be healed where it was originally inflicted. Still, a reunion of separated brethren not only depends upon arguments offered and refuted, but upon a specific atmosphere and a readiness in spirit. This terrible split can only be overcome by the grace of God and the intervention of the Holy Ghost, but *gratia supponit naturam* and German Catholics will have to prepare the natural premisses for the return of the 'Augustinian' aberration to the common fold . . . not neglecting to adopt and to transform whatever lasting values have been gathered *extra muros*.

The other tasks of Catholicism in the Germanies are also of an oecumenic nature, i.e. to mediate between the East and the West (the Eastern Schism and the Latins), the North and the South (Protestantism and Catholicism). Last, but not least, there is also the internal task of emphasizing the supra-national values of Germanism which has such great potentialities for good and for evil. Yet this rôle Germanic Catholicism can only assume if it goes back to the live roots of German Christian supra-nationalism, which are embedded in the past, but whose message is not bound to time. It would be fatal if German Catholicism should tend to overemphasize the values of *Gemeinschaft* (community) in an anti-libertarian, somewhat leftish sense. There are tendencies pointing in that direction (though less so than in France), but also a mounting opposition against this deviation, which would not lead to a full emancipation of German Catholicism after the captivity in the Ghettoes of the II and III *Reich*—merely to a new provincialism in time and in space.

# THE STRUCTURE OF NEWMAN'S *APOLOGIA PRO VITA SUA* IN RELATION TO HIS THEORY OF ASSENT

By ROBERT A. COLBY

IT is the purpose of this paper to show that the sequence of circumstances, characters and decisions described within *The Apologia Pro Vita Sua, Being A History of His Religious Opinions* (as the 1865 text is called) follows out a unified scheme, and that shifts in diction along the way help to indicate the stages of Newman's plan. The *Apologia* contains five sections, according to Newman's revised division.<sup>1</sup> These sections are chronologically arranged, marking off portions of Newman's religious experience from 1816 (the first date mentioned, although Newman alludes to his childhood in the opening pages) until 1864, the date of the first publication of the book. The years with which the respective chapters end—1833, 1839, 1841, 1845, 1864—represent the milestones on Newman's Road to Rome. He emphasizes throughout, both by the lapse of time between the first chapter and the last, and by the greater length of those chapters which cover shorter periods of time, that his conversion was not impulsive or spontaneous, but gradual and cumulative. It was based in fact on what he termed 'an assemblage of concurring and converging probabilities'.<sup>2</sup> Newman, in addition, takes pains to establish that the progression was

<sup>1</sup> For the complicated question of Newman's final division of the *Apologia*, the reader is referred to F. L. Cross, *John Henry Newman* (Philip Allan, 1933), pp. 157-8. My concern in this paper is with the design and structure of the 1865 edition as it now stands, apart from its textual history or questions of autobiographical veracity.

<sup>2</sup> *Apologia Pro Vita Sua, Being a History of his Religious Opinions*, new edition, edited with a Preface and Introduction by Charles Frederick Harrold (New York, 1947), ch. I, p. 18 [122]. All references to the *Apologia* throughout this paper will be to this edition, with page references to Wilfrid Ward's Oxford text of 1913 added within square brackets. The late Professor Harrold states in his introduction (p. xx) that 'the elements of Newman's analysis are all present, but nowhere are they completely synthesized', and that because of various circumstances attendant upon the composition of the work Newman was 'unable to distinguish, arrange and relate his motives into a consistent pattern'. These remarks have, in part, prompted me to write this paper.

an interrelated series of steps and that the result was both *natural* and *inevitable*. He has so arranged the parts of his spiritual autobiography that simultaneously they cohere *logically* as the stages of attaining certitude (defined later by him as 'a quality of mind' accompanied by 'a specific sense of intellectual satisfaction and repose');<sup>1</sup> *dramatically* as the beginning, middle and end of an action; *genetically* as the stages of a life cycle of spiritual birth, growth, decline, death and rebirth. My present consideration is with the first of these patterns, the one most thoroughly and explicitly set forth by Newman.

Newman seems to anticipate the *logical* principle of organization in Chapter I where, in describing the way in which we arrive at 'absolute certitude . . . whether as to the truths of natural theology, or as to the fact of a revelation', he refers to a 'graduated scale of assent'. In reasoning about matters non-scientific and non-demonstrable—and religious faith is one of these—Newman believed, under the influence of Bishop Butler, that 'probability is the guide to life'. Probabilities furthermore are of various strengths and degrees:

. . . as there were probabilities which sufficed for certitude, so there were other probabilities which were legitimately adapted to create opinion; . . . it might be quite as much a matter of duty in given cases and to given persons to have about a fact an opinion of a definite strength and consistency, as in the case of greater or of more numerous probabilities it was a duty to have a certitude. . . .<sup>2</sup>

In a final summation Newman divides his graduated scale of assent into seven distinct degrees. In weighing our acceptance of any testimony which has any claim upon our religious faith, it is our duty, Newman declares, to consider all the 'circumstances with which they presented themselves to us'—in short, the probabilities—

. . . and, according to the final result of those various considerations, it was our duty to be *sure*, or to *believe*, or to *opine*, or to *surmise*, or to *tolerate*, or to *reject*, or to *denounce*.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *An Essay in Aid of a Grammar of Assent*, new edition, edited with a Preface and Introduction by Charles Frederick Harrold (New York, 1948), ch. VII, p. 195.

<sup>2</sup> *Apologia*, ch. I, p. 19 [122].

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 20 [123]. Italics mine. The more advanced development of this theory is to be found, of course, in the later *Grammar of Assent* (1870), but I prefer to make use of this more preliminary statement in the *Apologia* in order to be as consistent as possible in my terminology.

Newman has here outlined a range of states of mind induced by the degrees of our strength of conviction of some truth which can never be incontrovertibly demonstrated by logic. At one extreme is *certitude*; at the other is *denunciation*, its opposite. In between are states of possibility, low probability and high probability. This suggests one line of progression which Newman's history of his mind follows, and his shifts in emphasis—events narrated, characters described, and doctrinal influences—seem to indicate it. In Chapter I (until 1833) the state of mind towards Catholicism is *denunciation* and *rejection*; in Chapter II (until 1839) the mood is predominantly *toleration* (where Newman himself says he is trying to balance the rival claims of Anglicanism and Catholicism); in Chapter III (until 1841) the condition of mind shades off gradually into what Newman variously terms *doubt*, *suspicion*, *conjecture* and *surmise* (and the balance tips towards Rome); in the long and detailed Chapter IV (until 1845) can be traced the development from *opinion* to *belief*, to being 'sure' or what Newman calls *certitude*.

In Chapter I Newman clearly indicates his original condemnation of Catholicism by the vehement negative language used wherever that Church is mentioned. The school he attended when he was a boy was 'free . . . from Catholic ideas', and 'no one had ever spoken to me on the subject of the Catholic religion'. More extremely, Newman relates how convinced he was after reading Newton's *On the Prophecies* that 'the Pope was the Antichrist predicted by Daniel, St. Paul, and St. John', a doctrine which remained, he contends, 'as a sort of false conscience' long after he had refuted the idea in his judgement. Later, in describing his conversations with Hurrell Froude, one of his fellow Tractarians who 'taught me to look with admiration towards the Church of Rome,' Newman reports: 'he could not believe . . . that I really held the Roman Church to be Antichristian. On many points he would not believe but that I agreed with him, when I did not.' The chief political event which dominates this chapter also bears out the generally denunciatory attitude. Newman was part of the Oxford opposition to Sir Robert Peel, who in 1829 introduced the Catholic Emancipation Bill.

The climax of this chapter is Newman's trip to the Mediterranean region with Hurrell Froude and his father—an episode rich in dramatic irony when contrasted with Newman's eventual destiny. The apologist here notes very carefully his *rejection* of



Rome. 'I went to various coasts of the Mediterranean; parted with my friends at Rome,' he writes in one place. A little further on: 'We kept clear of Catholics throughout our tour,' and 'I saw nothing but what was external; of the hidden life of Catholics I knew nothing.'

Of the numerous personalities vividly described in Chapter I, three who are significant for this stage of Newman's religious life are Blanco White (though he is introduced rather unobtrusively), Hurrell Froude and Monsignor Wiseman. Blanco White is interesting in this connexion because when Newman met him at Oriel he had made a move directly contrary to Newman's ultimate shift—from Roman Catholicism to Anglicanism.<sup>1</sup> Hurrell Froude, despite his strong pro-Catholicism, according to Newman 'was shocked by the degeneracy which he thought he saw in the Catholics of Italy'. When leaving Italy, Newman describes his restrained farewell to Wiseman, also charged with implication: 'When we took leave of Monsignore Wiseman, he had courteously expressed a wish that we might make a second visit to Rome; I said with great gravity, "We have a work to do in England."' Newman rejected Monsignor Wiseman's invitation at his first visit to Rome, but Wiseman was destined to become the Catholic vicar in England when Newman was finally converted.

In Chapter II Newman describes the work 'we have . . . to do in England' in connexion with his prominence in the Oxford Movement. Here his tone towards Catholicism is definitely more neutral. As he himself writes of one of the tracts he contributed to the *British Critic*—number 71: 'the Tract is written as if discussing the differences of the Churches with a view to reconciliation between them'. This tract is characterized by Newman as 'controversial' rather than 'theological and didactic' and as such 'assumes as little and grants as much as possible on the points in dispute and insists on points of agreement as well as of difference'.

Newman's basic contention during this stage of his religious studies was that the core of belief of both Rome and England was essentially the same—stemming from the 'primitive' Christian Church of St. Augustine and St. Athanasius, of Antioch, Alexandria and Constantinople—and that both were in error for

<sup>1</sup> I am indebted for this information to Mr. Martin J. Svaglic, who has in his unpublished doctoral dissertation, 'Newman's "Apologia Pro Vita Sua": Introduction, Notes, And Commentary' (University of Chicago, June 1949) recovered much of the historical and doctrinal background that Newman took for granted as part of the general knowledge of his readers at the time the *Apologia* was first published.

different reasons: Rome having engrafted modern 'accidental errors' on the ancient creed, England having cut herself off from the corporate Church. He wished to emphasize, however, that basically the Roman and Anglican Churches were not as far apart doctrinally as contemporary churchmen contended. Newman says further, '... we ought to be indulgent to all that Rome taught now ... and when we were obliged on the contrary boldly to denounce, we should do so with pain, not with exultation'. (Here is indicated Newman's shift from complete denunciation.)

This line of thought led Newman to examine the Thirty-nine Articles in which were incorporated the creed of the Anglican Church and wherein presumably he could determine precisely how Anglican doctrine differed from Catholic doctrine. He concluded as a result of this investigation that, first of all, the Articles did not condemn without qualification all 'Roman doctrine', and, secondly, the Articles were originally written not to alienate Catholics in England, but to placate them. It was only the 'dominant errors', of Rome, not the early teachings or formal decrees of the later councils, that the Articles entirely condemned, Newman contended. Newman became convinced that Henry VIII in renouncing the supremacy of the Pope was primarily concerned with strengthening his own *temporal* position in England while in sacred matters his disposition was conciliatory. Hence Newman accounts for what he discovered to be the ambiguous wording of the Articles. The Articles were designed by the divines who compiled them to make the reforms instituted by their queen, acceptable to members of all Christian faiths—Catholic and Protestant.

... there was no such nice discrimination between the Catholic and the Protestant faith, no such clear recognition of formal Protestant principles and tenets, no such accurate definition of 'Roman doctrine', as is received at the present day: hence great probability accrued to my presentiment, that the Articles were tolerant, not only of what I called 'Catholic teaching', but of much that was 'Roman'.<sup>1</sup>

As in the previous chapter, Newman mentions personalities as well as religious doctrines which influenced him. Early in this chapter, in which the central theme is toleration, Newman appropriately quotes John Keble's line from *The Christian Year*—'Speak gently of thy sister's fall.' Immediately afterwards he again mentions Hurrell Froude, this time with a different emphasis from his

<sup>1</sup> *Apologia*, ch. II, p. 77 [182].

preceding reference: 'From the time that I knew Froude I grew less and less bitter [on the subject of Rome's fall].' It was Froude, Newman explains further, who influenced him to shift his view of the Roman Church as being 'bound up' with 'the cause of Antichrist', to the less extreme position that there was 'something "very Antichristian" or "unchristian" about her'.

It is in this chapter also that Newman introduces Edward Pusey, who was to succeed him as leader of the Oxford Movement in its earlier or doctrinal phase. Pusey, without himself turning to Roman Catholicism, wrote a treatise on the Catholic interpretation of Baptismal Regeneration (which was declared not to be a necessary part of Anglican belief in the famous Gorham Judgement of 1851), and accepted something like the Catholic doctrine of the Real Presence (for advocating which in a university sermon he was briefly suspended from preaching in 1843). Newman here seems to imply that one may be tolerant of Catholicism and yet not be converted—that the state of mind at which he had arrived was not sufficient by itself to lead him to Rome, but that subsequent developments were more crucial. Pusey is of further significance to Newman's religious progress because he wrote an Athanasian defense of orthodoxy, a type of historical investigation which he was to undertake, as described in the next chapter.

The conclusions described above were incorporated in the famous Tract 90, which was received with a 'sudden storm of indignation', brought upon Newman the displeasure of his Bishop for the first time in his career, and directly caused his resignation from the Oxford Movement. At this time Newman's position with regard to England and Rome was a state of *equilibrium*. He clung for some time to the theory of the *Via Media*, which he believed combined the most desirable characteristics of both the opposed Churches. Hence, this chapter is headed *My Religious Opinions from 1833 to 1839* although Tract 90 was not published until 1841. Tract 90 was the culmination of the investigation of The Thirty-Nine Articles. In 1839 began a new line of investigation, which upset this balance.

In the next chapter Newman describes how the balance was first tipped towards Catholicism. In the summer of 1839 he found leisure to engage in a course of reading he had long wished to undertake in early Church history, particularly in heresies and their settlements. 'For the first time a doubt came upon me of the tenableness of Anglicanism,' Newman wrote after reading and

absorbing the doctrinal issues involved in the fifth century Monophysite controversy. This state of mind is the one which prevails through most of the section of the *Apologia* which deals with the years from 1839 to 1841. Newman, with his characteristic rhetorical skill, prepares the reader for this turning point in his attitude by earlier references in the chapter. The first work of his own cited in Chapter III is an article, 'The State of Religious Parties', which appeared in *The British Critic* for April of 1839. It has special significance for Newman for he realizes in retrospect that it contained 'the last words which I ever spoke as an Anglican to Anglicans'. In the article one of Newman's purposes was to bring together criticisms of the *Via Media* by its opponents. One in particular testifies to the disrupting influence of the movement. The writer whom Newman here quotes has contended that the *Via Media* is so splitting up the 'religious community' of England as to form two opposing factions. 'Soon,' this writer continues, 'there will be no middle ground left; and every man, and especially every clergyman, will be compelled to make his choice between the two.'<sup>1</sup> Newman, in the opening of this chapter, has quoted from an anonymous opponent's pen what is in reality the theme of this portion of the *Apologia*—the abandonment of a 'middle ground'. Whereas the tone of the previous chapter had been one of reconciliation, there is a perceptible shift throughout this phase of Newman's retrospection towards contention and dispute. In fact, he anticipates that his age is about to be torn 'between contending powers, Catholic truth and Rationalism'.

Fundamentally it was the desire for a 'real' and 'distinctive' Church of England that motivated Newman's opposition to the shallowness and 'high and dry'-ness of the conventional religion of his times, and that specifically led him to his momentous study of the Fathers of the early Church. Much of his dissatisfaction with the conventional Anglicanism was caused by what he regarded as its noncommittal moderateness. The attitude of conciliation which had previously been urged by Newman in order to overcome irrational intolerance of Catholicism in this more advanced stage of theological investigation becomes for him a breeder of mere doctrinal 'mistiness'. The 'safe' Church man to him is the one who avoids controversy by reverting to vague truisms and who never enunciates any dogmatic principle without leaving place for its contradictory.

<sup>1</sup> *Ibid.*, ch. III, p. 87 [194].

This Laodicean stalemate is just what Newman hoped to remove by a true *Via Media*, one which would be characterized not merely by moderation, but which could incorporate 'a positive Church theory erected on a definite basis'. This, Newman became convinced, was the goal of the great seventeenth century Anglican divines he admired, such as Lancelot Andrewes, Jeremy Taylor, and William Laud. When Newman embarked on his course of study of early Church history it was to *strengthen* Anglicanism, not to *undermine* it—really to make the Church of England the true rival dogmatically of the Church of Rome and an effective opponent of extreme Protestantism as embraced by the various evangelical faiths. He describes this stage of his investigations as a 'feeling about for an available *Via Media*'. That is why he can truly describe the mental reaction that resulted—so much the reverse of what he expected—as 'a shock which was to cast out of my imagination all middle courses and compromises for ever'. Newman declares quite explicitly that 'When I first turned myself to it [the study of the controversies between Rome and heretical sects] I had neither doubt on the subject, nor suspicion that doubt would ever come upon me.' And the state of mind which followed upon his reading up on the Monophysite, Donatist and Arian controversies is called by Newman specifically an 'unsettlement'.

In the study of these heresies Newman was interested not so much in the doctrines at issue as in the relative positions of the contending parties within the Church. The Monophysite heresy, for example, brought forcibly to his mind that the Church of Antiquity had been torn by dissension just as was the Modern Church and that it had its counterparts for present-day Catholicism, Anglicanism and Protestantism.

The significance of this dispute for Newman's religious development is that he now identified himself with the Monophysites, whose relationship to Rome was analogous to that of the Anglican Church to the Catholic Church. What particularly concerned Newman was that the Monophysite sect had been declared heretical by the Council. If any sect in opposition to Rome on a doctrinal question was declared heretical in the fifth century, might not any Church which stands in opposition to Rome in the nineteenth century be considered also by analogy, heretical, Newman asks himself at this point.

At this stage of his thought, Monsignor Wiseman, whose invitation to return to Rome Newman had previously rejected, re-



enters Newman's consciousness with striking dramatic propriety.<sup>1</sup> Towards the end of this Long Vacation of 1839, Newman's attention was directed by a friend to an article appearing in the current DUBLIN REVIEW by Dr. Wiseman on another famous controversy—the Donatist heresy. In this instance another great Church Father, St. Augustine, declared against the schismatic party in favour of the constituted ecclesiastical authority. Augustine's ringing words *Securus judicat orbis terrarum* ('The verdict of the world is conclusive')<sup>2</sup> 'struck me with a power which I never had felt from any words before,' Newman says. These words of St. Augustine, like the decision of Pope Leo, appeared to Newman with his mind for similitude to reverberate beyond the fifth century and to contain also a message for the sixteenth and the nineteenth centuries. However, Newman also recognized that analogy alone does not constitute proof nor is it sufficient to instil conviction. He is careful to state about the friend who called his attention to Wiseman's article on the Donatists that he is 'a Protestant still' (just as he pointed out in the previous chapter concerning his state of toleration that Pusey, who had previously dominated his thought, was never converted).<sup>3</sup> The Primitive Church momentarily made a 'vivid impression upon my imagination', but the imagination may delude or distort, and Newman, consistent with his distrust of Private Judgement, proceeds cautiously. He is determined to reflect upon his impressions and the state of mind induced by them in order to emphasize their 'logical value' and their 'bearing upon my duty'. Reason and Conscience, for Newman, exert the necessary disciplinary controls over Imagination; for assent is the result of the 'convergence of probabilities' and as such depends upon the harmonious interaction of all the faculties, rather than the operation of any single one of them in isolation.

The language Newman uses at this point reflects bewilderment coupled with increased alertness and expectation. It also reflects the stage of *conjecture* in the scale of assent. In the previous chapter he had declared, 'we ought to be indulgent to all that Rome taught now, as to what Rome taught then, saving our protest'. Now he is ready to recognize that 'perhaps some new light was coming upon me'. Further on he remarks:

<sup>1</sup> See above, p. 143.

<sup>2</sup> So translated in the *Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

<sup>3</sup> See above, p. 145.



I had a great and growing dislike, after the summer of 1839, to speak against the Roman Church herself or her formal doctrines. I was very averse to speaking against doctrines, which might possibly turn out to be true, though at the time I had no reason for thinking they were.<sup>1</sup>

And a little later he finds himself beginning 'to wish for union between the Anglican Church and Rome, if, and when, it was possible'.

This line of reflexion unsettled not only Newman's mind but also began to unsettle him from his ecclesiastical office. By the end of 1840, he relates, he had reached such a state of mind that he could write to John Keble: 'For a year past a feeling has been growing on me that I ought to give up St. Mary's but I am no fit judge in the matter.' Although Keble persuaded him to retain his living for the time being, Newman now felt a disturbing ambiguity in his position. To his Oxford parishioners he had become known as an anti-Catholic controversialist:

... the very circumstance that I have committed myself against Rome has the effect of setting to sleep people suspicious about me, which is painful now that I begin to have suspicions about myself.<sup>2</sup>

This dilemma in which Newman now finds himself (and which accounts basically for his state of doubt)—*hope* for the possible union of England and Rome, coupled with *suspicion* as to the real catholicity of the Anglican Church—seems to resolve itself unhappily in the affair of the Jerusalem Bishopric which climaxes this chapter. The Archbishop of Canterbury's acceptance of the invitation by the Protestant Emperor Frederick William of Prussia to establish a branch of the British Episcopate in the Holy Land under his auspices both destroyed for Newman his hopes for unity with Rome and confirmed his suspicions about the Protestant tendency of Anglicanism. England appeared to be allying herself with Protestantism, and so Newman himself as an Anglican minister appeared to be in the position of the fifth-century Monophysites—alienated from the One Church even while professing adherence to it. His state of anxiety is further intensified: '... such acts as were then in progress led me to the *gravest* suspicion not that it [the Anglican Church] would soon cease to be a Church,

<sup>1</sup> *Apologia*, ch. III, pp. 110-11 [219].

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 122 [230].

but that, since the sixteenth century, it had never been a Church all along.' A letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury ends this section of the *Apologia* as a letter to the same dignitary had ended the previous chapter. The preceding letter had pleaded for *toleration* of the views expressed in Tract 90, which was an attempt at conciliation between the Anglican and Catholic viewpoints. This letter *protests against toleration* of Protestantism and expresses the trepidation Newman feels about England's veering away from the Church One, Holy, Catholic and Apostolic.

This protest serves as a transition to the beginning of the next section in which Newman becomes more firmly grounded in his opinions and the 'feeling . . . that I ought to give up St. Mary's' culminates in a positive decision.

Chapter IV, taken up with the years of Newman's retirement at Littlemore, 1841 to 1845, and ending with his crucial decision and farewell to Oxford, is, significantly, the only one of the five distinctly numbered by Newman into two sub-sections. It is also the longest of the chapters—almost twice the length of Chapter II, though it actually covers fewer years, three times the length of Chapter I, which covers the period from Newman's childhood to his joining of the Oxford Movement. Another unique characteristic of this climactic chapter is that it is the one wherein Newman is least subjected to the influence of personalities, but most solitary, self-examining and introspective.

The sub-division most obviously marks off this section of the narrative into two equal chronological periods: from Newman's extreme displeasure with the Jerusalem Bishopric to his decision to resign the living at St. Mary's in 1843; from the resignation to his reception into the Catholic Church by Father Dominic of the Passionist House at Astor, in the year 1845. Newman makes clear also that these divisions are intended to indicate salient advances along the graduated scale of assent. A key passage is found in a letter cited by Newman early in the chapter, written to Mr. Wilkes, editor of the Evangelical organ, the *Christian Observer*. The 'Anglican principles', among which is the doctrine that a Church may be blessed even if cut off from the One, Holy, Catholic Church, are strong grounds against Rome, Newman declared to Wilkes, 'if they can be held'. But:

For myself, I found I *could not* hold them. I left them. From the time I began to suspect their unsoundness [1841] I ceased to put

them forward. When I was fairly sure of their unsoundness, I gave up my Living [1843]. When I was fully confident that the Church of Rome was the only true Church, I joined her [1845].<sup>1</sup>

The first part of Chapter IV, which elucidates Newman's state of mind until 1843, reveals him in the process of becoming 'fairly sure', a state corresponding to *opinion* in the scale of assent. His position relatively to England and Rome is stated in a quotation from a letter written in March of 1842 to a young clergyman. This young clergyman is not identified, but described by Newman as one of an increasing group in England in a state of perplexity—unable to continue with their duties in the Anglican Church, veering towards Rome, but not yet converted. This condition may be felt by some, writes Newman, 'whose *despair* about our church' might suddenly develop into 'a state of conscious approximation or a *quasi-resolution* to go over'; or by others 'who feel they can with a safe conscience remain with us *while* they are allowed to *testify* in behalf of Catholicism'. Although Newman does not say so explicitly, it can be inferred that in this portion of the *Apologia* he is moving from the second state—simply *testifying* in behalf of Rome—to the first—a *quasi-resolution* to go over—since he had previously stated that his sense of duty would not allow him to remain a clergyman in the Anglican Church when he could not sincerely support her position in opposition to Rome.

This latter question was carefully argued by Newman in a letter written to his Bishop the following year when he felt called upon to clear himself of the charge of having encouraged a recently converted young clergyman to retain his living in the Anglican Church. (Interestingly, this charge prefigures the basic one levelled at Newman by Kingsley which was the immediate occasion for the *Apologia*.) The immediate cause of Newman's resignation was the actual conversion of one of his charges at Littlemore, but this incident, like so many of the incidents of the *Apologia*, precipitated a move which Newman had previously contemplated and served as its concrete justification.

Preceding the recounting of the progress of his religious thoughts and actions from 1843 to 1845 Newman states generally that during this time he came gradually to see that the Anglican Church was formally in the wrong and the Church of Rome formally in the right. The climactic nature of these last years in the

<sup>1</sup> *Ibid.*, ch. IV, p. 141 [253].

movement towards certitude is made quite explicit: 'Then I had nothing more to learn; what still remained for my conversion, was, not further change of opinion, but to change opinion itself into the clearness and firmness of intellectual conviction.' This he terms the 'last stage of my inquiry'.

In his quotations from a letter written to a friend in July of 1844 Newman shows the signs of his state of opinion shading off into the stage of belief. Here he sums up the conclusions of his reasoning on the principle of development of Christian doctrine (the subject matter of the Essay of this name which Newman published in 1845). Among the propositions Newman offers is: 'I am far more certain (according to the Fathers) that we *are* in a state of culpable separation, *than* that developments do *not* exist under the Gospel, and that the Roman developments are not the true ones.'<sup>1</sup> Here Newman's certainty about the authenticity of modern Catholicism is definitely qualified, but the probabilities converge more in its favour than in the modern Anglican Church's favour. In another proposition Newman states that though certain modern Roman doctrines (such as devotion to Saints, the Supremacy of the See of Rome, the Real Presence, Invocation) are not explicitly 'drawn out' in the primitive Church, 'yet I think there is sufficient trace of them in it, to recommend and prove them *on the hypothesis* of the Church having a divine guidance, though not sufficient to prove them by itself'.

To establish that his state of mind in 1843 was still not sufficiently developed to bring him all the way to Rome, Newman again refers to associates—this time in connexion with a projected *Series of the English Saints*, of which Newman was for a brief time the general editor. This project was the first undertaken upon his resignation from St. Mary's, and Newman himself states that he did not feel he could in strict conscience undertake it while he was a beneficed clergyman of the English Church. However, Newman reminds his readers that of the writers associated with him in the *Series* only 'some became Catholics', while 'some remained Anglicans, and others have professed what are called free or liberal opinions'. In short, interest in and study of saints, while it may lead one to admire the Catholic Church, did not in and of itself convert one to the Church. The final step Newman had to take alone and as a result of his own convictions; he stresses the independence of mind and solitude in which he came to his ultimate

<sup>1</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 178 [290].

decision, at a time when he both remained free of outside influences and avoided influencing others.

The portion of the *Apologia* leading up to Newman's reception into the Catholic Church is notable for brevity and understatement. Newman makes clear that here opinion changed into 'the clearness and firmness of intellectual conviction', but this stage of assent, while the most intense and the most irrevocable, is also, Newman realized, the most subjective and the most difficult to convey to others. He was later to write, 'when assent is most intense, inference may be least distinct'.<sup>1</sup> It is in Chapter V that he discusses the grounds of his beliefs in most detail, so that it serves to amplify this latter part of Chapter IV. Newman does make clear that a further two-year period beyond 1843 was necessary before he could make that change towards which he realized he was tending.

I had one final advance of mind to accomplish, and one final step to take. That further advance of mind was to be able honestly to say that I was *certain* of the conclusions at which I had already arrived. That further step, imperative when such certitude was attained, was my *submission* to the Catholic Church.<sup>2</sup>

This submission, Newman further declares, could not possibly have been made before the two years after his resignation of his living were up 'without doubt and apprehension, that is with any true conviction of mind or certitude'.

Newman accounts also for the necessity of caution, and in so doing refers back to the opposite end of the scale of assent from which he had started—*rejection*. He realized he could not continue indefinitely in a state of quasi-resolution and partial conviction, but he had grown distrustful of his wavering mind:

My difficulty was this: I had been deceived greatly once; how could I be sure that I was not deceived a second time? I thought myself right then; how was I to be certain that I was right now? How many years had I thought myself sure of what I now rejected?<sup>3</sup>

Newman had rejected Rome at the end of Chapter I. He is now, close to the end of Chapter IV, rejecting England. *Certitude* is the only state that could quell his instability and bring him conversely

<sup>1</sup> *Grammar of Assent*, ch. IV, p. 32.

<sup>2</sup> *Apologia*, ch. IV, p. 194 [305-6].

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 206 [313].

to the *denunciation* of the Anglican Church. Both of these states were signalized by his formal conversion.<sup>1</sup>

An indication that Newman was on his way to acceptance of modern Catholicism is made at the beginning of this second section where he describes his reading of St. Alfonso Liguori's *Sermons* and the *Exercises of St. Ignatius*. These two works helped overcome two of Newman's persistent objections to modern Catholic worship—what he called 'Mariolatry', and the devotion to saints and angels. The crucial influence, however, is brought to bear on Newman quite significantly by a work of his own authorship, the last he composed as an Anglican—the *Essay on Development of Christian Doctrine*, already alluded to. In this work Newman sought to justify superadditions of the modern Catholic Church on the creed of the early Church (the remaining obstacle to his conversion) by analogizing them variously with extensions of logical propositions, with the progression of mathematical functions, with the germination of organisms. The growing body of doctrinal principle within the Catholic Church now appeared to Newman a sign of its validity, of its dynamism, and of its maturity:

So at the end of 1844, I came to the resolution of writing an *Essay on Doctrinal Development*, and then, if at the end of it, my convictions in favour of the Roman Church were not weaker, of taking the necessary steps for admission into her fold.<sup>2</sup>

The writing of the *Essay* served to justify to Newman's *reason* what he had become convinced of in his *conscience*—that the Anglican Church was in schism and that his salvation depended upon joining the Church of Rome. As in his reading of the Monophysite controversy, Newman had feared his imagination would distort his judgement, he is here concerned lest another faculty, his conscience, has disturbed his rational powers. Systematic reasoning as evidenced in his writing of the *Essay* serves as a balance for Newman's mind. 'What keeps me yet [in the Anglican

<sup>1</sup> From the point of view of the scale of assent, Newman denounced the Anglican Church by, in his words, 'disowning Anglican pretensions'. However, in the pertinent note appended to the *Apologia* he also mollified the harshness of this verdict. First of all he urged that 'It may be a great institution, though it be not divine, and this is how I judge it.' Secondly in a famous passage he acknowledged his great indebtedness to the Church in which he took his first orders by pointing out that it was the Church in which he received his baptism and was first impressed with the doctrine of the divinity of Christ, and was thereby saved from the errors of the extreme Protestant sects, as well as the Church which introduced him to the cardinal principles fundamental to his ultimate faith. (See Note E, 'The Anglican Church', pp. 308-9 [394-95].)

<sup>2</sup> *Apologia*, p. 207 [319].



Church] is what has kept me long; a fear that I am under a delusion,' he writes to a friend in this turbulent period between the end of 1844 and 8 October 1845. However, Newman observes, 'the conviction remains firm under all circumstances, in all frames of mind. And this most serious feeling is growing upon me; viz. that the reasons for which I believe . . . *must* lead me to believe more, and that not to believe more is to fall back into scepticism.' At last in October of 1845 Newman could come to this decision:

As I advanced [on the *Essay on Development*], my difficulties so cleared away that I ceased to speak of 'the Roman Catholics' [i.e. implying that Rome contains only a part of the Church] and boldly called them Catholics [i.e. concluding that Rome is the universal Church]. Before I got to the end, I resolved to be received, and the book remains in the state in which it was then, unfinished.<sup>1</sup>

The book itself remained unfinished, but the *Development* that Newman pondered may be said to have been completed by his reception by Father Dominic into 'the One Fold of Christ'.

Chapter IV of the *Apologia* is the longest in the whole work, signifying the great magnitude of the change which took place in Newman's mind relatively to the actual length of time involved. This highest and most serious graduation of assent because of its gravity was necessarily to be attended with the utmost caution, Newman emphasized. 'I should think lightly of that man, who, for some act of the Bishops, should all at once leave the Church,' he writes early in the chapter. 'I trust that He, who has kept me in the slow course of change hitherto, will keep me still from hasty acts, or resolves with a doubtful conscience,' he says in a letter to a friend. A proverb-like declaration of Newman's might well serve as the title for the entire chapter: 'Great acts take time'. The intricacy of reasoning involved and the mass of correspondence quoted in this chapter, slowing up the pace of the narrative as they do, magnify the period of time—quantitatively only four years—into the great span that it really was for Newman. Thus the life of the mind is superimposed upon physical chronology. It is important also that letters predominate over physical contact with acquaintances and friends more than in previous chapters, and that Newman's own meditation and reasoning rather than the persuasion and logic of others lead him to his eventual goal.

The *Apologia* then, logically considered, is organized accord-

<sup>1</sup> Ibid., p. 212 [325].

ing to the graduation of assent in Newman's mind as to theological truths, 'the concatenation of argument by which the mind ascends from its first to its final religious idea', as Newman himself expresses it. Since the final stage of assent—certitude—is reached at the end of Chapter IV, a question may be raised whether the last chapter, 'Position of My Mind Since 1845,' is necessary to complete the scheme. Chapter V is one of the most stirring, with the poignant lament on the sinful condition of man and the saddening state of the world, the acute analysis of casuistry, the touching dedication to the Priests of the Oratory. This final chapter is also invaluable for Newman's justification of the dogmatical difficulties of Catholicism, the Infallibility of the Church, and the conduct of the Catholic Priesthood.<sup>1</sup> Fundamentally, however, this chapter is a most fitting culmination of the gradual advance towards certitude. 'To be certain is to know that one knows,' he had written while still in a vacillating mood. 'What inward test had I, that I should not change again, after that I had become a Catholic?'<sup>2</sup> Chapter V, which shows Newman, twenty years after his conversion, declaring that 'ten thousand difficulties do not make one doubt', is a sign that the 'inward test' has been successfully passed. Newman, several years after the *Apologia*, laid down three conditions by which certitude could be distinguished from inferior grades of assent: (1) that it follow upon investigation and proof; (2) that it be accompanied by 'a specific sense of intellectual satisfaction and repose'; (3) that it be permanent.<sup>3</sup> In Chapter V Newman's faith 'long sought after, tardily found . . . the fulness after many foretastes', may be said to have met to his satisfaction all three of these requirements.

<sup>1</sup> Chapter V differs from the previous chapters in that it is not concerned with events, conflicts or decisions. Newman himself indicates here that he has no further change to report (p. 216 [331]). Significantly, the *Apologia*, now removed from any specific context of space or time, becomes a *general* defence of the Catholic Church. It is here, for example, that Newman systematically answers Kingsley's basic charges against Catholicism by considering the bases of his acceptance of its creed under the three 'propositions' that he had stated in Chapter II to be the elements of his theology: the Principle of Dogma, the Visible Church and the Apostolical Succession. (See pp. 44-47 [150-52].)

<sup>2</sup> *Apologia*, ch. IV, p. 207 [319].

<sup>3</sup> *Grammar of Assent*, ch. VII ('The Indefectibility of Certitude'), pp. 195-96.

# LÉON BLOY, THE ARTIST

By ERNEST BEAUMONT

ONE of the most curious cases of the *artiste manqué* offered by modern literature is that of Léon Bloy. It may well be argued that he is something much greater than a mere artist in words, an integral and dynamic Christian whose life and whose written work form one pattern, a whole which is indivisible. That is, I think, indisputable. One may wonder whether the peculiar fascination which Bloy exerts, the uniqueness of his appeal, does not for some people lie in the exceptional disparity between the strength of his Christian aspiration and the foibles of his nature, so that the reader is comforted by the co-existence in this man, a great man, of incompatibles clearly distinguishable as such. However, whatever be the reason for his ascendancy over certain minds, an ascendancy so complete in some cases that his very failings have been glorified, it has usually been the man and not the writer who has been the object of study. A writer cannot, of course, be other than a manifestation of the man, though so often the writer dwarfs the man, subordinates him to the exigency of art. We all know that what is expressed in art may have no counterpart in the exterior life which is lived by its creator, but be a compensation or a reaction or even an independent creation bearing no obvious relationship of any sort with the actions of the artist in his everyday life. In the case of Bloy there is no such dichotomy between the man and the artist. The artist is an unusually faithful reflection of the man, but an impoverished reflection of him. Léon Bloy was, I would maintain, a great man, but he was not a great artist. The municipal authorities who have named a street after him in his native city have with probably unintentional wisdom refrained from adding a description. To have described him merely as a writer would have been to do him less than justice, but it is certain that, regarded as a writer, he cannot be placed in the front rank.

The failure of Bloy in the sphere of imaginative art has, it seems to me, been insufficiently examined. Works have appeared

on both *Le Désespéré*<sup>1</sup> and *La Femme pauvre*<sup>2</sup> and in the years preceding the Second World War a series of essays published in *Les Cahiers Léon Bloy*<sup>3</sup> dealt at length with the biographical basis of the later novel, bringing to light a number of useful and interesting facts, but little attempt has been made to examine and account for the insuccess of Bloy's career as a novelist. The 'conspiracy of silence' does not explain Bloy's failure, nor was he the man to be deterred by hostility or incomprehension from any course that he had set himself. An explanation of his abandonment of the novel after *La Femme pauvre* must be sought elsewhere. When he wrote his first novel, it was essentially as an artist that Bloy saw himself, as an artist and as a Christian,<sup>4</sup> and the novel he regarded, to quote his own words, 'as the greatest art form there ever was'.<sup>5</sup> Though we may discount in that assertion the element of overstatement customary to Bloy, it is obvious that when he first attempted the novel he had the highest opinion of that form of art. The fact that in the year following the publication of *Le Désespéré* he had already formed the project of a new novel, to be called *La Désespérée*, shows that he was far from being discouraged by the reception accorded to his first novel and that he indeed regarded himself as a novelist. The plan of *La Désespérée* was drawn up in 1888, though the writing of the new novel did not begin until three years later and the composition of the novel was to take a further six years, the title changing from *La Désespérée* to *La Prostituée* and finally to *La Femme pauvre*. With the passage of time, however, not only the title but the whole conception of the novel underwent a change. Originally, Bloy's intention had been to illustrate the sexual dependence of woman, the theory outlined in the letter to his fiancée of 27 November 1889, and, more briefly, in the twentieth chapter of the first part of the published novel, but *La Femme pauvre* far outsteps this conception and is an illustration of a dogma at the core of Bloy's life and work, the Communion of Saints.

What I wish to emphasize in stating these facts concerning the composition of *La Femme pauvre*, facts known to all students of Bloy, is that Bloy was not casually a novelist. His first novel was

<sup>1</sup> Joseph Ballery, *Le Désespéré de Léon Bloy*, Paris, Société Française d'Éditions littéraires et techniques, 1937.

<sup>2</sup> René Martineau, *Léon Bloy et la Femme pauvre*, Paris, Mercure de France, 1933.

<sup>3</sup> Fam, *Essai sur la fiction dans l'œuvre de Léon Bloy*. The articles dealing with *La Femme pauvre* are to be found in *Les Cahiers Léon Bloy*, 14th year, numbers 1, 3, 4 and 5-6, published between September-October, 1937, and August, 1938.

<sup>4</sup> Léon Bloy, *Le Désespéré*, Paris, Mercure de France, 1933, p. 222.

<sup>5</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 193.

followed immediately by a project for a second one. The length of time that elapsed between the publication of the two novels was due mainly to the harsh vicissitudes of Bloy's life, particularly in the period following the publication of *Le Désespéré*. His marriage in 1890, followed by an abortive attempt to earn his living in the country of his wife's origin, Denmark, was a further interruption to the novel as it had been conceived, though the greater calm and comfort that married life brought him made possible the novel that *was* written, with the serenity of its conclusion, so different from that of *Le Désespéré*. Certain episodes and personages which figure in *La Femme pauvre* were adumbrated in short stories published in 1894 in *Histoires désobligeantes*<sup>1</sup> and, in addition, Bloy's main work of scriptural exegesis, *Le Salut par les Juifs*, was written while the notion of *La Femme pauvre* was maturing. I do not suggest that Bloy was in this period *only* concerned with the writing of fiction, but he was certainly greatly preoccupied by it as he published two volumes of short stories<sup>2</sup> while *La Femme pauvre* was being written. The strange thing is that after the publication of *La Femme pauvre* in 1897, that preoccupation seems entirely to have disappeared. The second novel was immensely superior to the first, though by no means free from some of the defects which marred *Le Désespéré*. However, it does mark a considerable technical advance on the earlier work and the absence of any successors poses, in my opinion, a highly intriguing question.

A comparison between the two novels is revealing in many ways. While there could be no doubt in the mind of a reader that the author of *Le Désespéré* was a Catholic, the mood in which the novel was written, induced by the intense sufferings of the writer, is one of revolt and despair. The title itself, of course, indicates sufficiently the state of mind of the protagonist. The atrocious death through tetanus of Berthe Dumont, who had succeeded Anne-Marie Roulé in his affections after the latter's incarceration in a lunatic asylum, must have given Bloy the impression that he was not only doomed himself to misadventure but destined to bring calamity to anyone intimately associated with him. This

<sup>1</sup> The following stories in particular have some bearing on events and characters in *La Femme pauvre*: *Projet d'Oraison funèbre*, *Deux fantômes*, *Le passé de Monsieur*, *Tout ce que tu voudras*, *Propos digestifs*, *Jocaste sur le trottoir*, *La plus belle trouvaille de Caïn*. See *Fam*, op. cit.

<sup>2</sup> *Sueur de Sang* (1870-1871), Paris, Dentu, 1893, and *Histoires désobligeantes*, Paris, Dentu, 1894.

mental anguish was, of course, aggravated by material hardship, the penury in which he lived, so that even the burial of Berthe Dumont required frantic efforts to beg money in order to avoid the pauper's grave recommended by Paul Bourget. When Bloy wrote in November 1885: '*Je rêve un roman de misère et de douleur, l'écrasement d'un homme supérieur par une société médiocre,*' though it may seem to be a restatement of the traditional romantic attitude of the superior being, the artist, suffering at the hands of the inferior beings who constitute society, yet it is easy enough to realize how that attitude arose.

While *La Femme pauvre*<sup>1</sup> was conceived in similar vein under the title of *La Désespérée*, when the latter half of the novel came to be written, despair had given place to a serene acceptance and in the closing chapter of *La Femme pauvre* the hope of the Christian triumphs with an unparalleled majesty. *La Femme pauvre* is situated in its second half on a supernatural plane to which *Le Désespéré* scarcely rises. The former is a novel *actively* Christian, illustrating the dogma of the Communion of Saints and ending with the sanctification of the heroine, a holiness which the author is able to render convincing, the inevitable culmination of his novel, and not the gratuitous appendage that such a phenomenon sometimes appears to be in certain novels of religious scope.

Technically, *La Femme pauvre* is much superior to *Le Désespéré*, which is marred by gross defects. In the earlier novel the author has totally neglected the problems of structure and proportion. The rôle of Véronique is indeterminate, as if the writer were uncertain whether she were a major protagonist or a lesser character. The novel hovers between the biography of Marchenoir and the story of Marchenoir and Véronique. The latter appears well after the writer has set his hero squarely before us and while, by her strange sacrifice, she dominates the novel for a time, roughly in the middle, she is eventually disposed of with disconcerting abruptness, almost in an aside. In fact, the proportions of this novel are so ill-balanced that asymmetry appears as a dominant characteristic. Had Bloy been content to use as the basic material of his book only the history of his relations with Anne-Marie Roulé, ending with her removal to the lunatic asylum, he might have written an entirely successful novel; he would in any case have

<sup>1</sup> There exists an English translation of this novel under the title of *The Woman who was poor; a contemporary novel of the French 'eighties*. Translated from the French by I. J. Collins. (Sheed & Ward, 1939.)



achieved the unity, the absence of which is so disastrous for the novel that he did write. Unfortunately, he tried to do too many things, the error of adolescence, protracted in the author of *Le Désespéré* well beyond its usual term.<sup>1</sup> He succumbed to too many temptations. There was rejected work which willy-nilly had to be pushed into the framework of the novel, so one fifth of it is devoted to the Grande Chartreuse, its history and its geography, and the meaning of the life that is lived within it. The fifth number of the periodical that Bloy founded in 1885, *Le Pal*, was never published, so a long article from it, occupying nearly twenty pages, is transcribed for the benefit of the reader of *Le Désespéré*. The views on the symbolism of history and the diatribes against contemporaries, Catholic and otherwise, excellent as these may be, are subjects for the essay rather than the novel.

The *roman à clef* is for later generations always a tiresome riddle. M. Joseph Bollery has published the key to the disguises through which contemporaries of *Le Désespéré* had no difficulty in discerning the original characters.<sup>2</sup> For us today the writers of one kind and another whom Bloy flayed with such barbarity are, nevertheless, with a few exceptions, nothing but names. The dinner party which, together with the considerations on the iniquity of Prosper Beauviviér (Catulle Mendès), occupies one seventh of the novel, is that part which could most easily be dispensed with. It irremediably shifts the centre of interest away from Véronique and, frankly, it offers no interest today at all.

Characterization is more or less absent from *Le Désespéré*. There is an abundance of satirical summaries of odious personalities, but only Marchenoir has solidity. Even Véronique has but meagre substance. She is seen mainly through the eyes of Marchenoir and she has little *raison d'être* in the novel beyond him. She exists for the most part, in common with Leverdier, as a foil to show up the outstanding qualities of the hero, being the source of his temptation and the occasion for a certain heroism. The function of Leverdier is purely that of an Horatio. Yet, though everyone and everything is in fact subordinated in this novel to the truculent exhibitionism of the self-portrait, the fact that Bloy

<sup>1</sup> This Bloy himself recognized in later life. In a letter of the 28 November 1910, for instance, referring to *Le Désespéré*, he wrote: 'Mais dites-lui que c'est un livre très broussailleux, plein de choses trop juvéniles, et qui aurait besoin d'être modifié dans une édition nouvelle. Par privilège spécial, j'ai eu dix-huit ans jusqu'à quarante. C'est un cas exceptionnel.' Léon Bloy, *Lettres à l'abbé Cornuau et au frère Dacien*, Paris, Le Divan, 1926, p. 43.

<sup>2</sup> Joseph Bollery, *Le Désespéré de Léon Bloy*, appendix no. 6.

surrounded this literary projection of himself with such manifestations of loving regard reveals what a deep need there was in him for human love, a need to which the diary bears frequent witness.

*Le Désespéré* reveals certain affinities with literary trends of both the earlier and the later nineteenth century, notwithstanding the eccentricity of the style. Certain undercurrents of romanticism permeate the nineteenth century, elements of an exasperated romanticism where the grotesque and the macabre predominate. A representative of the latter-day manifestation of this *genre* greatly admired by Bloy, who owed him a debt at once literary and, strangely enough, religious, was of course Barbey d'Aurevilly. In particular, Bloy's short stories, comprised in the two volumes I have mentioned, show unmistakable affinities with *Les Diaboliques*. The pseudonymous author of the essays on Bloy's fiction which appeared in *Les Cahiers Léon Bloy* between 1937 and 1939 abundantly demonstrated the allegorical nature of both the short stories and of episodes in the novels. In his fiction Bloy transposed to a physical or material plane happenings in his life which were spiritual, so that every event narrated bears a hidden significance and is not merely what it often appears to be, an outrageously sensational absurdity redeemed by a note of ironic incongruity. The incests, parricides, infanticides and kindred phenomena which make up the subject matter of so many of the short stories are all susceptible of symbolical explanation and each fictitious name covers or, to the initiated, reveals the identity either of Bloy himself or of an associate. However, it cannot be claimed that the novels or the short stories are allegories in the accepted sense. An allegory should be easily distinguishable as such. Kafka's *Trial* and *The Castle*, while the allegory is in neither case clear, are both clearly allegories. In the case of Bloy's fiction it is rarely apparent that there is an allegorical meaning and the allegories that Fam claims to have discovered have no universality but a particular application to Bloy's life and to persons and events known to him. Without a thorough biographical knowledge, without the patient research undertaken by M. Joseph Ballery, Fam and others, there would be no possibility of realizing the complex nature of the literary transpositions that Bloy seems to have made. Thus, literary criticism cannot take account of such esoteric involutions, but must judge the work according to its external appearance. Bloy himself does not seem to have wished that what he had so

carefully disguised should be brought fully to light and he was always insistent that there was no hidden meaning to be discovered. In *Le Désespéré* the shaving of Véronique's head and the extraction of all her fine teeth must appear to the critic not as symbols of some spiritual happening but as actual events well in the tradition of an exasperated romanticism. Similarly, the death of Marchenoir in solitude and destitution, unattended by a priest, also conforms to this tradition of exaggerated effects, although it is clear that this death is a grimly humorous symbol of what Bloy considered to be his destiny on earth and the ascription of tetanus derives of course from the death of Berthe Dumont.

One of the main themes of *Le Désespéré*, the regeneration of the prostitute, is a familiar feature of earlier romanticism, treated by Prévost and by Rousseau and, to pass to another plane, by Restif de la Bretonne. The fact that Véronique is a literary metamorphosis of Anne-Marie Roulé is irrelevant. Bloy in any case played freely with the data which her life furnished, making of Véronique a prostitute of both longer standing and quicker regeneration than Anne-Marie Roulé. The latter was thirty-one years old when Bloy met her and, according to the plausible calculation of M. Joseph Bollery, she could not have plied the trade of which so much is made in the novel for more than two years and a few months at the most.<sup>1</sup> Her regeneration was gradual so that even when she went to live with Bloy she did not cease for some three months to have relations with other men and it was eighteen months before she and Bloy were able to live together in the chastity which in *Le Désespéré* marks the relationship of Marchenoir and Véronique from the very beginning.<sup>2</sup> Véronique was twenty-five years old when Marchenoir met her and had been on the streets since the age of fifteen.<sup>3</sup> One may easily see, therefore, that her resemblance in this respect is rather with certain literary or even subliterate prototypes rather than with Anne-Marie Roulé.

In *La Femme pauvre* this affinity with the undercurrents of romanticism is reaffirmed. The theme of incest is familiar to all students of earlier romanticism, being enshrined, for instance, in the work of Prévost and particularly of Chateaubriand, as well of course as in that of Restif de la Bretonne. Unwitting incest is,

<sup>1</sup> Joseph Bollery, *Léon Bloy, Origines, Jeunesse et Formation, 1846-1882*, Paris, Michel, 1947, pp. 302-9.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, pp. 310-11.

<sup>3</sup> *Le Désespéré*, p. 68.

moreover, part of the stock-in-trade of that sensational and nightmare literature deriving to a large extent from the novels of Mrs. Radcliffe and 'Monk' Lewis, whose Ambrosio, it may be remembered, both rapes and kills Antonia, not knowing that she is his sister. In *La Femme pauvre* the horror of Léopold's incest with his illegitimate half-sister, of whose relationship to him he is ignorant, is reinforced by the father's fostering of the incestuous intrigue in order to provide himself with some diabolic entertainment. Naturally, the girl was being brought up in any case for the father's own eventual incestuous enjoyment. This episode does not constitute an important element in *La Femme pauvre*, being presented merely in a retrospective discourse, but it reveals the author's seemingly inescapable predilection for an outrageous sensationalism commonly confined to the lowest reaches of fiction. Fam's contention that this episode is a symbolical transposition of Bloy's relationship with Anne-Marie Roulé, interesting and, in the main, convincing as it is, is nevertheless irrelevant to literary criticism.<sup>1</sup>

*La Femme pauvre* is a curious mixture of the romantic and the realist, though the romanticism is mostly of the grotesque and macabre blend and the realism of the dismal and sordid sort customary in the late nineteenth century. The novel opens in a superlatively 'realist' manner, plunging us into depths of degradation that Zola could not have bettered.<sup>2</sup> Madame veuve Maréchal is a 'realist' portrayal on the grand scale, a wonderful outsize portrait of *la femelle bourgeoise* of Bloy's preconception, where the vilest turpitude and the most flagrant hypocrisy cohabit. For his heroine, Clotilde, the writer has this time chosen a woman of 'realist' age and appearance, having attained the thirty years prescribed by Balzac and being 'pretty rather than beautiful'.<sup>3</sup> She has, too, a

<sup>1</sup> Fam maintains that Antoinette figures Anne-Marie Roulé, the spiritual sister of Bloy, here figured by Léopold. So Bloy in this episode accuses himself of a sort of spiritual incest committed with Mlle Roulé, since he profaned their spiritual relationship by having carnal relations with her. Fam also maintains that in a sense Mlle Roulé was also Bloy's spiritual daughter, in that he was instrumental in bringing her from sin to an intense spiritual life. But she was also, in a similar sense, Bloy's mother, *génératrice*, since she subsequently not only brought him to a heightened spiritual life, but also confirmed him in his sense of mission and engendered the Bloy of the future. Thus, the 'incest' was as complex as possible, hence the frequency with which the various forms of incest occur in the short stories, indications of a remorseful obsession. See *Cahier* 5-6, May-August, 1938, pp. 296-304.

<sup>2</sup> Fam has established with reasonable certainty that Bloy utilized for this part of his novel Denis Poulot's *Le Sublime*, Librairie internationale, 1872. See *Cahier* 3, January-February, 1938, pp. 115-39.

<sup>3</sup> Léon Bloy, *La Femme pauvre*, Paris, Mercure de France, 1932, p. 24.

'realist' past and to her one may apply those simple and effective words which open the second chapter of Flaubert's *Un Coeur simple*: '*Elle avait eu, comme une autre, son histoire d'amour.*' Notwithstanding these concessions to a more or less contemporary fashion, Clotilde still retains elements of earlier literary tastes, resembling in spite of her thirty years, which her freshness and candour belie, the persecuted innocent victim of a century before. She is, moreover, sentimentalized to a high degree. In fact, she is less a person than the embodiment of Bloy's ideal of womanhood. It is clear that she represents Woman as she appeared to the author with all her mystical significance and the situation in which he ultimately leaves her is one where alone her womanhood exists, freed from accidents and accessories.

With regard to the other personages of this novel, as in the earlier one a greater economy would have achieved a more satisfactory result. The form of *La Femme pauvre* does show that the author was conscious of the need for structure and proportion and in that as in other respects it is vastly superior to the earlier effort. The work consists of two somewhat unequal parts, the more important later part being considerably shorter than the earlier section, but at least an attempt has been made to control the diffusiveness wherein *Le Désespéré* ran to its ruin. The main structural defect is the insufficient integration of the two parts.<sup>1</sup> The change of principal male protagonist between Part I and Part II is disconcerting. Gacognol is conveniently killed in order to provide a conclusion to the former, but he has been a character too dominant to be disposed of so abruptly, and Léopold, who replaces him, has enjoyed in the earlier section too minor a rôle. Marchenoir is in any case *de trop*. There is such little distinction between him and Léopold that he should have been completely merged with the latter. Having narrated his distressing death at the end of *Le Désespéré*, the author should have allowed Marchenoir to remain buried. It is evident that Bloy intended the two parts of his second novel to stand in contrast, as their respective titles indicate, *L'Epave des Ténèbres* and *L'Epave de la Lumière*. No doubt it was necessary in order to obtain the full effect of the ultimate resplendence of his heroine for the writer to give solidity

<sup>1</sup> The difference between the tone of Part I and that of Part II may be explained by the fact that Bloy's circumstances changed considerably for the better between the conception of the two parts, his marriage inducing a serenity of outlook which he was far from enjoying when he conceived the earlier part of the novel. This fact, however, in no way excuses what is a major flaw in the composition of the novel.

to her initial environment, but in actual fact the *ténèbres* are prolonged throughout the greater part of the whole novel and Mme Poulot and Mme Grand are but more diabolical counterparts of Chapuis and Mme Maréchal. The novel would, it seems to me, have gained from a condensation in which only such of the substance of Part I as is relevant to the *dénouement* would have been retained. At the most this would have been two or three chapters which could with advantage have replaced the 'confession' of Léopold.

As the novel stands, the last twenty chapters, those following the marriage of Clotilde and Léopold, alone make of *La Femme pauvre* a work of outstanding significance. However little we may credit the extraordinary events and the foul neighbours, the sustained emotional intensity of this part of the novel has tremendous power. *La Femme pauvre* attains in its final stages a kind of epic grandeur, where diabolical possession and the Communion of Saints appear as major protagonists in a drama of which the issue cannot be in doubt. The culmination of the novel in the serenity and tenderness of the last chapter is a feat of remarkable virtuosity, a vision of rare sublimity, where the artist and the Christian are merged in triumph. This final chapter is after all one which is due solely to the imaginative artist for, it goes without saying, neither Berthe Dumont nor Mme Léon Bloy, who provided the basic material for the vicissitudes of Part I and Part II respectively, attained the luminosity which Bloy conferred on the forty-eight-year-old Clotilde.

(To be concluded)



# HOMAGE TO GIOTTO

By PATRICK THOMPSON

On the 22nd (August) I took the train to Padua, walked up into the city and saw divers things, but, above all, Giotto's most exquisite frescoes in the Arena chapel. No panel pictures of his that I have seen give any idea of the sweetness and graceful dignity of these frescoes. The groupings are mostly conventional, but most of the figures themselves are very great indeed; the 'Last Judgement' is alone painful and vulgar. (F. J. A. Hort, aet. 26, to the Rev. John Ellerton, 10 Sept., 1854. See A. F. Hort's *Life*, Vol. I, p. 292).

THE American magazine *Life*, on 27 December 1948, devoted twenty-three pages to 'The Story of Christ' in Giotto's Arena frescoes at Padua, reproduced in colour from photographs by Fernand Bourges and Robert Kafka. The cover of the issue, also in colour, is a detail from the Nativity panel. A general view of the Arena chapel, taken from the East, at about the level of the break between the first and second of the three main rows of panels, serves as frontispiece. One page of text follows the reproductions, giving an outline of Giotto's life, and shows black-and-white photographs of the supposed portrait by 'a follower' at Assisi, the exterior of the Arena chapel, and the Duomo at Florence with 'Giotto's Tower'. Thirty-five of the forty principal panels are reproduced in colour.

For a full list of the panels, 12 from the Legendary 'History of the most holy Family', 28 from the Gospel, with 14 figures of Virtues and Vices, see pp. 58-60, and, for a grand-plan and perspective diagram of the Arena Chapel, pp. 50 and 51 of the 3rd (1899) edition of *Giotto and his Works in Padua: being An Explanatory Notice of the Series of Woodcuts Executed for the Arundel Society after the Frescoes in the Arena Chapel*. By John Ruskin. Printed for the Arundel Society. 1854. The woodcuts appeared gradually between 1853 and 1860 and Hort possessed the set.

The general view of the chapel establishes the first fact about the frescoes, their unity as a decorative scheme. Several devices contribute to this. Most obvious of all is the dominance, as the

normal background colour of the panels, of a flat, strong, deep but not dark, blue, akin to that of the coved ceiling with its few figure panels in bands and roundels and its powdering of gold stars. The west wall, with the Last Judgement scene, is treated as a single unit, apart from the band of small panels, imitating sculpture, and almost devoid of colour, which runs round the building, from the height of the top of the stalls to that of the top of the west door.

The panels of Virtues and Vices (7 of each) are only on the north and south walls, immediately above the stalls.

Between this band and the ceiling run two rows of (roughly?) square panels, divided on the south side by six tall narrow round-headed windows, and on the north by broad patterned bands, with portrait roundels on them, marking the centre line of each row of the large main panels. These vertical bands are the same width as those which cross the ceiling, indeed at either end, and in the centre, of the chapel they are the continuation of them. The windows require that there should be fewer panels on the *south* wall than on the *north*: but above window level complete symmetry is restored. For there Giotto has a third row of panels, of the same size and shape as those below, their upper halves painted on the lower slopes of the curve of the ceiling, six on each side. It is this uppermost row which is devoted to the (apocryphal) Life of the Virgin—largely taken up with the fortunes of her parents, SS. Joachim and Anna, before her birth. The series begins at the North-East, or Epistle, corner, and ends at the South-East, or Gospel, corner. The Life of Christ panels follow the same course, with the earlier scenes in the upper row, thus bringing the greater mysteries to the points most easily seen.

It is noticeable that very few colours are used darker than the background blue. A warm white, a warm lightish red, and gold, the colours of the aureoled figure of the Christ in the centre of the west wall, are the commonest. A dark brown-yellow mixed with black, producing a sort of greyish tobacco colour in the shadows of architectural forms in the Life of the Virgin panels, seems to continue or echo the shapes and tone of the window openings below. These architectural forms (the Temple, Anna's house, etc.) often reach almost to the top of their panels, and run sometimes across their whole width, sometimes half-way. This holds good in all three rows, and the result is that to a general glance one panel differs from another chiefly by the size and shape of the dominant background blue in it.

The three-light round-headed west window, extending from above the head of the figure of Christ to the top of the wall, is the least happy feature of the scheme, and the awkward spaces round it seem not unnaturally to have embarrassed Giotto. He has left the greater part of them blue, placed two predominantly red figures at the top on either side, continuing the line of the roundels on either side of the ceiling, and wedged in between the lower corners of the window and the side walls two serried masses of angels, showing little but rows of gold haloes, and all assiduously keeping clear gangways between them, which lead the eye down to the slightly arched top of the door, over which two angels hold the empty cross. On either side the Christ sit the Apostles: below them are seen the ascending blessed, and the descending lost. It is hard to resist the impression that Giotto was ill at ease with this conventional rendering of the Gospel 'Come, ye blessed . . . Depart ye cursed', whether imposed on him by public opinion or his patron Scrovegni. He has prevented the sensational horrors or crude comedy of the stock damnation scene from stealing the picture by reducing the figures of the lost and their tormentors to the size of dolls by comparison with those of the blessed (his patron, among them, is seen offering the chapel). A few figures of the rank-and-file blessed, shown rising from their graves, at the bottom of the picture on the left, modify the abruptness of this change of scale. The great figure of Christ is the only one on this west wall which tempts the eye to linger. He wears a red tunic, slashed to show his wounded side. His white cloak has fallen to his waist and covers his legs, showing only the red skirts of his tunic. His halo, of a dark ruddy gold, is outlined in black and bears three large black spots, disposed cross-wise, since the eye inevitably supplies a fourth behind the head. These may suggest the reason for the sad, severe look which he bends downwards to his right, towards the blessed. The lost remain lost despite his cross. The aureole round his figure shows serrated rings of the blue, white, gold and red within it, the key colours of the whole scheme. The fingers of Christ's left hand and the toes of his right foot rest lightly on this ring, suggesting an opening in the heavens and depths within. His right hand, palm upwards, is beckoning in welcome to the blessed. The angels, like most of Giotto's angels, are definitely heavier-than-air machines, but the two, with loose-draped stoles, and *black* haloes (echoing the black spots on the Christ's) are of singular grace and nobility. So too is the

Mother of God, heading the files of the blessed, uncrowned and unveiled, dressed, like her son, in red tunic (sleeveless, showing white undersleeves, in other panels) and white cloak, and looking over her shoulder at those she leads. This pose is followed by the angel who stands behind her, supporting her brownish gold aureole. The costume and antique Roman dressing of the hair are those with which the Virgin appears in the Annunciation panel (though there she is uncloaked) and at the Nativity, where the pallet on which she lies recalls in shape and colour the aureole here, and that with which Christ himself is surrounded at his Ascension. The arrangement of the red and white robes of the Christ, incidentally, seems to appear elsewhere only in the scene of the Feet-washing, the pictorial rendering of that justification of the unrighteous which grounds the blessedness of the blessed. It is hard to agree with Hort that the Last Judgement is 'painful and vulgar', though it is indeed incomparably below many, if not most, of the panels on the side walls.

The Life of the Virgin scenes are so disposed that the barrel vault of the ceiling takes its spring half-way up their height; the panels curve over towards the spectator, thus lessening the drawback of the distance and angle at which they must be viewed. On the other hand, Giotto's wisdom is nowhere more apparent than in his refusal to be drawn, like later painters, by the attraction of a great unbroken surface, into placing human figures in action on the upper curves of the vault. The few half-length portraits in roundels there are small enough to appear flat, mere 'lights in the firmament'.

The Life of the Virgin is a kind of overture. In it themes are stated, in colour, form, pose, grouping and significance, which will be used in the Life of Christ, with full effect on the beholder, because he has already learned the idiom in the relatively trivial, anecdotal subjects of the earlier series.

The first scene is Joachim's Expulsion from the Temple for the reproach of childlessness. The continuity between Jewish Temple and Christian Church is stressed. Like all the buildings in the series, this is a mere stage-set, a mock-up, just large enough to accommodate the four actors, who are to be roughly half the height or width of the panel. The Temple consists of a forecourt or platform, apparently about five foot by two, on which stand Joachim, whose shrinking pose and frowning mien express his humiliation, with the cleric expelling him, dressed, but for his

girdle, like a Christian deacon. The 'nave' is a roofless 'shriving pew', over the wall of which appear the head of a kneeling penitent, and a priest, in 'cope' and a kind of pillbox hat, with his hand raised in absolution. This 'nave' opens into a roofless 'sanctuary' with transepts (a foot deep!) enclosing an altar of Christian type, vested, with an ark or Tabernacle on it and a pyramidal ciborium or baldachino on twisted columns above it. Outside the 'nave' behind Joachim, and balancing this structure, is a high square pulpit on columns, reached by a balustered stair from the 'south transept'. The platform of the building stands on bare earth, with its corner reaching the lower edge of the panel, as the pyramid reaches the upper edge. The 'horizon' of this earth barely skirts the platform. This may indicate the Temple hill; or the emptiness and desolation facing Joachim.

Joachim and the Shepherds is too well known for further comment, save perhaps to remark on the quite generalized trees, of the structure of Brussels sprouts, and the stage-like carpentry of the weather-boarded sheepcote. Giotto as a farmer's son would have no use for the ruinous picturesque in farm equipment. Joachim's house, where Anna at prayer is visited by an angel, is equally stagey and equally shipshape. It resembles a well-designed caravan. Can it have been suggested by a portable stage-set in a mystery play? Joachim's Sacrifice, where he in elephantine pose on hands and knees faces a standing angel, shows brilliantly characterized sheep, and individual leafless trees and shrubs. A shepherd, balancing the angel, shows well how Giotto sets his 'supers' to work. The man's eyes direct the beholder to the hand emerging from the sky in sign that the sacrifice is accepted. The skeleton of a sheep lies on an altar which is an ingenious open-air stove, with a neat moulded cornice. Joachim's Dream, again, is now well known: but it shows a further instance of Giotto's matter-of-fact peasant realism. The angel swoops on the sleeper like a dive-bomber, breaking *through* the solid sky. The Meeting of Joachim and Anna will serve as well as any of the series to point out what a gift the legend was to the decorative painter, since it enabled him to anticipate the treatment of the earlier scenes of the Life of Christ. Joachim was disgraced in the Temple. So was Zachariah. His prayer was heard. So was Zachariah's. An Angel announced the birth of her child to Anna as to Mary. Mary was presented to God in the Temple. So was Christ. So here the pose of Joachim and Anna anticipates that of Mary and Elizabeth at

the Visitation. Given these inevitable correspondences, dictated by the way the legend was framed on the model of the canonical scripture, the slightest differences in treatment between two corresponding scenes gain added significance which Giotto is swift to exploit. Joachim and Anna meet as man and wife would. Elizabeth bends forward at a distance from the Mother of her Lord.

The Birth of the Virgin, a sufficiently well-known episode, uses the same set as the Annunciation to Anna,<sup>1</sup> down to the striped coverlet on the bed, and one can almost feel Giotto's satisfaction as the adaptability of his 'props' is demonstrated. That the infant Mary should appear twice in the same scene was an accepted feature of the narrative tradition.

The Temple set reappears in the Presentation of the Virgin, seen now from the pulpit corner. The 'nave' now serves as the Court of the Women. The pillars of the pulpit, and presumably the whole structure, now stand on a platform some three feet high, reached by a flight of steps up which Anna guides the Virgin to the hands of the waiting priest. Red, white, red: Anna's red cloak and tunic answer the priest's red cope, Mary's white garments his white tunic. The bearer of the gifts follows Anna, a white headless shape, completing the diagonal which rises to the pyramid of the ciborium. The bystanders wear black or grey, save one figure in the right-hand corner, whose broad gold back, answering the haloes of Joachim, Anna and Mary on the left, balances more than a dozen figures on the left; though he has a shadowy companion in grey to keep him in countenance.

The Budding of Joseph's Rod (modelled on the story of Aaron's rod in *Num.* xvii. 8) is a comparatively trivial incident which fills two panels, one of the few cases where the same architectural background appears twice running. It follows the Presentation of the Virgin. We look, in the right half of the panel, straight at the altar, now decked with two urns. The ciborium has lost its pyramid, three of its arches and the twisted columns, and gained an apse and roofed transepts. (It appears in its first form as a solitary feature, at the Presentation of Christ, linking that with the Presentation of the Virgin.) The 'nave' has now vanished, and all the characters kneel downstage on the bare ground, with the drop-cloth of the sky leaving them just space enough.

The pictorial task of these two scenes may be to prepare for the double panel of the Annunciation, likewise divided vertically by a

<sup>1</sup> Where the angel dives in through the window.



column, into two symmetrical compartments,<sup>1</sup> identical but for a golden chest (?lectern) before which Mary kneels, half facing the beholder, while the angel kneels facing her. The panel is unusual in being devoid of blue. A blaze of red light against a black ground surrounds Gabriel and pours down on Mary. The architecture, as we pass from legend to Gospel, becomes, and will remain, at once much more elaborate, and more substantial. Mary's dress is here fixed once for all, but for the (?blue) outer cloak which circumstances will sometimes call for. Her red sleeveless tunic is slit to the waist to show the white sleeves of an inner tunic with bands of gold running from shoulder to wrist, and round the wrist. Arm and neck openings are similarly edged. Across the back and front of the loose ungirded outer tunic runs a broad band of gold thread embroidery which, in the detail from the nativity scene, we can make out to be formed of fanciful variations on the letter M. The narrower bands are mere criss-cross. The detail of both must surely be imperceptible from ground level. With such simple elements does Giotto mark the dignity proper to the chief personage in a scene. The only ornamentation other than this in the Nativity, for instance, is a pattern of black dots within an outlined cross on the child's halo.

The annunciation to the Shepherds is worked into the Nativity panel, in keeping with the feel of St. Luke's narrative, and indeed St. Matthew's, with their bald statement of the mere fact of the birth. The flying angels, passing over the crib to reach the shepherds, turn out of line to bow in reverence to the Christ. They will not reappear till the Crucifixion. The mother, shown recumbent, and on a receding diagonal, according to the older iconographic tradition, is helped by a veiled woman to lift the child to (or from) the crib. He, effectively wrapped in swaddling clothes, raises his head unaided to return her grave gaze.

This may be the point to note in what sense Giotto's range of facial expression is limited. What the direction of the eyes combined with the movement of the head can do, he can do. See, for example, the groom holding a camel, and the youngest of the three Magi next to him, in the Adoration scene. Lips are rarely parted in joy (the attendant in the Flight into Egypt) or horror (angels, St. John, St. Mary Magdalen in the Crucifixion), brows lowered (the angel of the Flight) or knit (the angel at the breast in the crucifixion); more rarely raised (the servant in brown before

<sup>1</sup> Placed on either side of the semicircular chancel arch.

Caiaphas); eyes narrow (Judas at the Betrayal) or widen (Christ). But the play of muscle in the face is not shown; local colour in the face only slightly (though some may be lost)—see the soldier behind Christ in the betrayal. Highly individualized features are available if wanted, but apparently wanted only for 'supers'; the master of the feast at Cana, the negroid, Semitic, northern and Levantine types behind Judas in the Betrayal. But major characters are refined to an almost monotonous nobility of feature and restraint of expression. For the rendering of emotion Giotto relies almost entirely on attitude and gesture; and here his range is enormous. For attitude, see the disciple on the extreme right front at the Last Supper, or the group around Lazarus; for gesture, the hands of the chief priests bargaining with Judas, or Caiaphas rending his garments at the 'blasphemy': 'I am'. This last gesture is repeated, with truly Johannine irony, by an angel in mid-heaven at the true blasphemy of the Crucifixion.

The Finding in the Temple is in poor shape, but is good evidence of Giotto's fidelity to the Gospel. For him, as for St. Luke, its point is the first utterance of the Christ in His Father's house, and so He sits in the centre before an apse, flanked by a ring of doctors, behind them an arcade, through which on the left Mary and Joseph enter, with hands stretched out in search.

The Baptism is an example of Giotto's rare and effective use of green; compare the strident green of the central figure in the Raising of Lazarus. The Jordan is a flat green, with an arched horizon (a world of water), between two white stone crags. The dim shape of the dove, immediately above Christ's head, at the lower point of the glory around God the Father, has been lost in the *Life* reproduction. The Father's figure—head downwards—indicates the voice from the heavens. The figure of the Baptist is purely traditional in face and pose. The Christ's lower limbs show faintly through the green water which reaches His waist. His gesture reassures the Baptist. Four angels, two holding out His garments wait on the left bank, two humans watch from the right, behind St. John.

The miracle at Cana properly prefigures by its arrangement that of the Last Supper, though it has an anecdotal freedom proper to its early place in the series, in the stout master of the feast, and the bovine or attentive servants. The centre of the picture is, properly, the bride. Christ sits at the extreme left, as a guest; so He does in the Last Supper: but there He is host, and so

we have a second row of disciples with their backs to us, leaving Him in *their* centre: with Judas at the end of a bench, ready to slip out.

The Entry into Jerusalem is wholly traditional, except in its natural perspective and uniform scale.

The Cleansing of the Temple shows the same incapacity, or distaste, for violent movement as the Slaughter of the Innocents, and at the same time the economy with which Giotto combines his fidelity to his source and subject. One table is overturned, one boy removes one dove, two (very small) oxen depart left, two sheep, nimble as all the Giotto breed, leap off right. Two traders receive the onslaught of the Christ, and one pen and a crate serve to point the contrast with the Temple, this time a real building of great magnificence.

The Pedilavium naturally uses the same background as the Supper to which it is the prelude. The marriage feast at Cana was held before a screen of three walls with an elaborate fretted wooden canopy over the heads of the guests, seated against the wall. Now we have only two walls, each pierced by two windows, partly closed by wooden shutters. It is, then, a room. It is an upper room, for it is immediately under the roof. But to know that it is the roof we must see it from outside. So in form, it is a complete roof, low pitched, tiled, with Moorish-looking finials at the corners and midway on each side, matching equally Moorish tiled and crocheted pendentives below the carved frieze. Between these ornaments, symmetrically disposed, two pigeons glean in the guttering. Three corners of the roof rest on the wall. The fourth is upheld by a post as slender as a lath. And Giotto, or some later overpainter, seems to have had second thoughts on this. In the Pedilavium the post would cut across the figure of Peter, who sits with bared feet in a carved gilt (?) chair. But as it nears his shoulders the post fades into nothing. The perspective leaves the kneeling Christ, and three or four disciples behind Him, on a kind of platform stage, outside and in front of the roof. In the Supper scene the post changes colour as it reaches the halo of the disciple at the end of the table, vanishes to show the hair on the back of his head, runs down his back, with the folds of his cloak showing through it, and becomes solid again as it crosses the bench he sits on and meets the edge of the panel. Giotto's architecture, in fact, is dramatic first, decorative in the second place, and realistic only so far as it must be to stand up and hold together in order to

group and accent the 'players', and to link one scene with another.

The Supper illustrates another aspect of Giotto's clear relation of means to ends. He has recognized the principle, which escaped the late Field-Marshal Goering, that over-decoration, or even overall decoration, obscures the area it covers. All the figures here wear self colours—red, white, blue, pink, gold—but for one, the central figure in the row of five with their backs to the beholder. Above him is the largest area of Moorish tiling in the roof. So his white cloak is patterned all over with a simple arabesque design in brown or gold. The same man faces you in the Pedilavium, and there you can see just enough of his cloak to pick out the pattern. And he is there given it for the same reason: there too he sits beneath the central finial and pendentive on the roof and marks the vertical axis of the design. The horizontal axis is a frieze, a light-brown wash on the white wall, running behind the necks of the inner row of disciples. At the marriage at Cana the corresponding line, marked by the top of a striped hanging, precisely at eye-level, comes higher up the panel, two-thirds instead of half-way up, and clears the heads of the guests. For, there, there is only one row of them, round the outside of an L-shaped table. They sit, at both meals, on a bench. They must maintain the scale of the whole series, and the shallow recession of the plane of action. Hence there is necessarily a vacant upper half to the picture, needing to be broken by the hanging, by a carved stone moulding higher up, and by the deep-fretted canopy. The four servants and the master of the feast bring the action right down to the footlights, and together with the water-pots in process of filling, obviate an empty space within the receding L of the table, at the foot of the panel.

The principle that ornamentation obscures is adhered to. The only brocaded robe Christ wears is that of cloth of gold, forced on Him at the scourging. The sparse ornaments He and His Mother wear are like officers' badges of rank, the minimum needed for distinction. Really opulent ornamentation is reserved for the soldiery in the Betrayal, before Caiaphas, at the Crucifixion. It is a principle, too, with Giotto that uniforms serve for recognition. So the disciple in the brocaded cloak duly appears at the Ascension, and again at Pentecost. In the Ascension the pattern of his cloak is taken up in the orphreys on the albs of the two 'men in white' of *Acts* i. 10, here clearly angels, already sketching the pose of the two angels of the cross in the Last Judgement. The Descent of the

Spirit takes place in a pavilion, reminiscent of the supper-chamber, a low-pitched roof, upheld on two sides by a light arcade of tricuspid Gothic arches, six visible, the two under the gable end foreshortened. Through the third of the four facing us we see Mary, who alone is shown full-face. The panel, in fact, is built round this point, not on a linear axis. The diagonal tongues of fire which fill the house require an accent on the corner. So there sits the man in the chequered cloak, which hangs from one shoulder. At the Ascension he and Mary face one another, divided by the mountain top, linked by the angels. The blue sky forms a vast cross between four groups of serried angels and saints in heaven, disciples on earth. It is the design elaborated, but hardly improved upon, in the Last Judgement. Christ is in profile, in the attitude of prayer.

The Bearing of the Cross, Crucifixion, Deposition and Resurrection remain.

In the first of these it is worth noting that the procession issues from the same turretted gateway by which that of Palm Sunday entered.

The Crucifixion tends to disappoint at first glance, for the modern mode of setting a crucifix on the altar or a painting of it above leads us to expect a great set-piece, whether as grim as Grünewald, or as peaceful as Perugino. From Giotto we do not get it, any more than we do from the Gospel-writers. For him as for them the cross is not a stopping point but a transition.

The cross, even the shortheaded cross Giotto chooses, sits awkwardly in a square panel, dead centre and four-square. But he is never the man to avoid the obvious, merely because it is obvious. Here it enables him to use that same cross in the sky, or rather cross of sky, which we have thought to discern in the Ascension, and the Judgement. Here its four arms are marked out by two squadrons of angels, each in cross formation, three of them gathering the blood that falls from hands and side: to these answer on earth the mourners to the left, the executioners dividing Christ's seamless robe to the right. The halo at Christ's head bears the same ornament as that of the child in the crib. St. Mary Magdalen repeats her gesture of the supper at Bethany, wiping his feet with the hair of her head. In the figure on the cross, it is weakness that is stressed. The face in death is almost unrecognizable. But a face strongly foreshortened, whether looking up or down, is always liable to defeat Giotto's powers of drawing.

The Deposition defies comment. But we should note how Giotto's sense of continuous progression leaves the same ten angels in the sky, no longer grouped, but in a kind of chaos of grief, formation lost. In colour there is the same electrifying use of green that we met in the raising of Lazarus; and again Giotto will not use it save on subordinate characters at pictorially important points, the two wings of the panel, and its bottom centre point. Note, too, how the hold the Mother takes of her dead Son is almost the same as that with which she took Him from the crib; almost, not quite, for Giotto no more than St. John ever exactly repeats himself, or anybody else. The angle of her head, and even her expression, is, however, as nearly identical with that of the Nativity as it can be; it was possible, in viewing the Nativity alone, to wonder if it was then appropriate. It is noteworthy that to establish this correspondence Giotto has left the Mother unveiled both here and at the crucifixion. Her braided hair sufficiently marks her identity. (She has a veil, thrown back, at the Nativity, but it is a mere gauze.)

The Resurrection scene obeys the same self-imposed law of continuous movement. No more than the Crucifixion is it a pompous set-piece. The angels, perched on the open sarcophagus-tomb, the kneeling, groping Magdalen, the Christ, bearing His cross-banner, already almost out of the picture, and bending on her the same backward, pitying look as in the Last Judgement (and the Way of the Cross) seem all alike self-forgetful. The sleeping soldiers are a mere decorative frieze. The sloping rocky horizon divides the picture, as it did that of the deposition, but in the opposite direction; the movement of the risen Christ now goes with the slope: and the line of the ridge is broken by two bare trees, instead of one. Would an allusion to Eden be too fanciful for Giotto? The rosy-winged central angel, whose halo breaks the skyline like the rising sun, expresses unmixed joy. His fellow points past him, to the Christ, already on His way to the Ascension, and beyond.



# FRIEDRICH VON HÜGEL'S LETTERS TO EDMUND BISHOP (*continued*)

By NIGEL ABERCROMBIE

AT THE beginning of July 1904 the Baron wrote a letter which I have not been able to trace; it evidently included some account of the current position of Blondel, on which Bishop moralized in his reply: but, to judge from the following words at the end of Bishop's letter (4 July), it seems to have touched (at most) lightly upon the L.S.S.R.: 'Please don't imagine I write you now, at this moment, because I am thinking, or wish to know, about the new Society. In no degree. My only thought (= remembrance) on the subject is a regret—the regret that I sh<sup>d</sup> have given you so much trouble.' The Baron's reaction to this hint, in the following letter, may serve as an interesting example of that trait in him thus described by an intimate: 'of all men he least adapted himself to the varying characters of his friends'.<sup>1</sup>

13 Vicarage Gate,  
Kensington, W.  
16th Sept. 1904.

Dear Mr Bishop,

I do not well know how to crave and obtain your pardon, for having kept you so shameless a time without any letters. For not only did your last, very interesting and most welcome letter, deserve and invite an answer, but your kind interest in, and proposals concerning, the inchoate Society for the Study of Religion, demanded that I should keep you readily informed of what I was doing concerning the points on which I had your instructions. I can but plead, in extenuation, that I am a man of very little strength, who has not only many claims upon his time, but who finds it very difficult, in promoting *one* activity and duty, e.g. literary composition, or family affairs, or study, or simply

<sup>1</sup> B. Holland, *Memoir*, pp. 24-5.

recuperation, not to neglect or postpone the others. Especially has my correspondence, notwithstanding and in part because of my grateful recognition of the benefit accruing to me from such intercourse with my scholar-friends, become, more and more, a difficulty and a problem to me. If I wanted to really keep up with my friends and correspondents, as I should like, I would, I find, have to all but abandon my own systematic work, and this I do not feel I ought to do. Yet I grieve to note, how slowly I get to answer any one letter, trying as I do, to answer in the order of receipt, and not to continually interrupt my own work for the purpose of expediting this practically continuous series of letters that ought to be written. In this way, even now, I have also, taken you out of your order,—there are others, who have been waiting an even longer time!—

It was then, alas, as far back as July 8th that our 2nd preliminary meeting took place, at the Caxton Hall, Westminster. We had young Rev. Prof. Newsom (King's Coll.), Anglican in the Chair, and Estlin Carpenter, Claude Montefiore, Joseph Wicksteed, Corrance, and myself present. I had carefully thought over the question as to whether or not I should read your letter to them,—the one I mean in which you expressed the idea that, because of the actual conditions of things amongst us, Caths, and of the attitude of the authorities, you had made a mistake in joining or in thinking of doing so. I came to think that if your letter had meant or involved a change of attitude as to the Society, or what it could become, *in itself*, I then ought to read it out; and again, if you had unconditionally asked me to thus read it, I would and ought to do so. But since your letter did not express or involve any change of front as to the Society in itself; and that you left me to use my own discretion as to reading it out: I decided to simply describe to them the gist of the letter. I did no more, because I feared its reading aloud might too much depress us, at least the Catholic members: and I am too much a believer in the history which we have still to make, and in the all-importance of keeping as much hope and spring in us as possible in view of effecting such improvements, not to shrink from too emphatic an underlining of history as it lies behind us,—whenever such abstention can reasonably be made. And by telling them what you thought, I did not simply suppress the communication of an opinion, necessarily valuable, as coming from one of so much experience as yourself.—

I pressed our Secretaries to withdraw the little Circular (at least the over-leaf with its emphatic reference to yourself) as soon as possible. And it was unanimously resolved: (1) that *at latest* on Oct. 25th, at our first regular, constitutive, meeting, this entire overleaf should disappear; and (2) if we then plan to print anything in which your name would still occur, a proof of such a statement would be submitted to you, for any changes, omissions or additions as you might care to make. Also the designation of 'Manifesto', which our somewhat magniloquent J.W. had introduced into that overleaf, got modified to 'statement'.—I had better explain that I could not well press for an *immediate* suppression of the extant little account, as we were in the midst of gaining

our necessary first members, with what we were taking pains to emphasize as a purely preliminary statement, and would have had to incur expense in substituting another form,—all for the sake of some 8 or 10 weeks.—

We settled a number of important points. We are to start with 30 members, all told: as nearly as possible, we are to have one half predominantly Conservative-historical, and one half predominantly more Liberal-philosophical believers and workers. Seven Anglicans (of whom we have now got four: A. L. Lilley, Prof. A. Caldicott, King's Coll.; Prof. Newsom, ditto; and the Revd Hubert Handley). Six Catholics (we have got four of them: Corrance, Bland, Dell, and myself). Three Jews (Claude Montefiore, Israel Abrahams, Revd Mr Singer).—Three Unitarians (Estlin Carpenter, J. Wicksteed, secured). Two Presbyterians (Revd Prof. Skinner, Cambridge, pupil of A. B. Davidson, secured). Two Congregationalists (Revd Dr Hunter; Prof. Forsythe). Two Quakers (Prof. Sylvanus Thompson, F.R.S. secured). One Wesleyan and one Baptist (still to find), and three non-descripts.—

We are to have, for our 1st Session, an opening and a closing Social; Dinner-meeting on Oct. 25, and on first Tuesday in June. And four intermediary, afternoon, work-(Paper and Discussion) meetings, on the first Tuesdays in Dec., Febr., March, and May. For our first Chairman (for the Session), we shall propose Lilley. One of the ever two Secretaries, to be an Anglican or a Catholic (we shall propose that Newsom continues at his post). The four papers to be by Hunter, Montefiore, myself, and Lilley; or, if Hunter fails us, then Lilley to open the ball, and Carpenter to close it.—And thus I have told you all the essentials, as far as we have got and I know them.—

A matter which took up much of my time and strength, was Archbishop Mignot's visit to us from July 16th to 27th. Dom Butler will have told you, of his fine, most successful Bennett [*sic*] House Party for the Archbishop, during the two days that he and I spent at Cambridge. And the two days at Oxford were equally full and pleasant, indeed, I think, useful. For myself, I was much braced by my ten days constant intercourse with a Catholic official of such competence, courage, and experience as M. If we but had even half-a-dozen such, in each of the chief countries of Europe,—how different would be the outlook! I hope so much, if he comes back to us next year, you may happen to be in London, or may be able to come up and see him. I did not dare to even try and get you *this* time,—you had so recently explained to me how impossible such a move was to you, alas!—

Your warnings as to precisely those Clerics, or at least those 'high-up' officials, who have a reputation for openness of mind, have been proving themselves uncommonly well-grounded. There was Abbott [*sic*] Gasquet's *not* attractive letter to the 'Tablet' anent the Saunders-Loisy correspondence; and now there is that surely strangely excessive paper of Bishop Hedley in the 'Ampleforth Review'. But indeed, old friend of mine as is the latter, truly as I admire much of his spiritual writings, and frequently as Dom Butler has urged me to believe in his

breadth, at least in the whole, surely crucial, question of Developement of Doctrine,—I must admit that I have never felt him as evenly, consistently openminded at all. And yet this performance goes, in parts, further in the direction of impossible *staticism*, than I should have thought possible in a man of his intelligence.—I take both these English, as well as the three French manifestations (Bishop Latty's and Cardinal Perraud's Pastorals and Bishop Le Camus's Brochure) to indicate and prepare further Roman action. It looks as tho' the Holy Office would, after all, publish a list of Props. extracted from L's<sup>1</sup> writings. But just as we know that in Dec. last, the whole scheme of action against L. was modified, for the worse, not more than a fortnight before the publication of the censure,—so now I cannot but hope that again a change, but this time let us hope in the opposite direction, may still come over the plans of that Authority.—If you take in Minocchi's 'Studi Religiosi' you will have noticed a very sympathetic study of Loisy's and Calmes' Commentaries on the Fourth Gospel (really by a young Genoese Oratorian, a warm admirer of L.). It is *very* noticeable, how much has, with Lepidi's *Imprimatur*, been conceded by Calmes. As Holtzmann points out in the 'Theol.-Lit.-Zeit.' C. stands about midway between L. and the old mod.-Prot. Conservative writers like Godet. Here then we again have, things moving on, in spite of all appearances and efforts to the contrary.

As to myself, I have had an article published against my 'Xt. Eternal' in the 'Quinzaine' of Aug. 16th, which has been in so far a pain to me, as I have inevitably recognized, in over one half, and precisely in the most strenuously rhetorical, most implacably heresy-hunting paragraphs, not only the inspiration but the actual writing of my close friend Maurice Blondel; and that I cannot avoid admitting to myself that, even tho' he is sincere in his opinions, his present distinctly feverish and over-emphatic insistence upon them, cannot be altogether dissociated from the storm-clouds visible on the ecclesiastical heavens.—I have sent a very short 'Letter' to Fonsegrive; I hope it has appeared today.—I have no right to complain, for my article has brought me in some very valuable support and sympathy: from Vincent Rose, the Dominican; from Alfred Lapôtre, the Jesuit; from Prof. McIntyre, Oscott; from Padre Ghignoni, the Barnabite; and a number of younger Clerics, several of them hitherto quite unknown to me.—

I have had nearly four weeks with Fr Tyrrell at Richmond, and am writing this, on the last day of my holidays, at Oban: I intend to be at home to-morrow night. Had not a good deal of anxiety about our eldest daughter's state of health, and considerable intercourse with Doctors not somewhat saddened these weeks,—they would have been altogether pleasant.

With many thanks and constant respect and sympathy,

I am, dear Mr Bishop,

Yours sincerely

Fr. von Hügel.

<sup>1</sup> Loisy's.

Bishop's reply, dated 23 October, is of considerable interest and importance. The curious ostrich-optimism of the Baron provoked this antithesis: 'half our troubles have come from well intentioned but mistaken resolves to put the best face on things . . . I think the late Lord Acton took the truer view of our permanent case when on the appearance of the Munich brief he put an end to the Home and Foreign . . . I have long felt—how long!—that much of Newman's "General Answer to Mr. Kingsley"—so much of it as deals with "the Church"—is so much pious aspiration, but not of more substantial value. The most that can be said for it is that it was written before -/70.-' From a deeper stratum of his own religious personality comes the following reflexion: 'I much sympathize with an idea a good deal put about among some French catholics of late years though with an apparent lightness and almost levity I can't appreciate—an idea expressed tersely thus—"on ne change pas de religion". As a convert, and a convert who (I believe) feels not the slightest temptation or disposition to budge from his present resting place, possibly I can express the sense of a thorough agreement with this notion as one very proper indeed for Catholics in these present times more readily and perhaps with better effect than a "born Catholic", as seeming probably less prejudiced by one's past!' In answer to what the Baron had written of Bishop Hedley, Bishop writes: 'Our friend D. Butler and I certainly should hardly agree on this subject. And I must own not to being as much impressed by profession of ideas on "Development" as he is . . . I have a habit of saying that "the theory of Development" is no more than a *statement* of the difficulty . . . The solution, in one item after another, is a very "touchy" business.'

The rest of the letter belongs rather to a study of Edmund Bishop than to an account of Friedrich von Hügel's correspondence with him; indeed, to judge from the Baron's own writings, it might not be unfair to suggest that Bishop was sometimes 'above his head'.

No trace has been found of the 'long and most interesting letter' from Bishop, to which the Baron replied in the following. By way of confirmation of the Baron's asseverations that he did not forget Bishop, it may be worth mentioning that the latter was (unsuccessfully) invited by Dr James Hastings in June 1905, at the suggestion of Baron von Hügel, to contribute articles to the *Encyclopedia of Religion and Ethics* (on *Mass*, and *Amen*).



13, Vicarage Gate,  
Kensington, W.  
Sept. 29th 1905.

Dear Mr Bishop,—

It was a very great pleasure and advantage for me, to receive that long and most interesting letter, in return for Desjardins' book. I was, for one thing, deeply gratified by your so much liking, so thoroughly understanding those subtly [*sic*] balanced, pensive and circumspect pages, to which, I cannot doubt, L.<sup>1</sup> himself has, here and there, contributed a 'purple patch'. Yet the bulk of the booklet is, quite transparently, Desjardins' work,—the very slips which you so rightly note show it plainly, since tho' L. is fallible, *his* slips would be of another kind. I cannot help hoping that a considerable amount of good may come from these 'Reflexions' and their very wide diffusion.

It was all the more kind of you to write to me like that, and to send me that interesting disquisition on the Xtian Altar, in which, as usual, you labour for a sound and historical,—hence for a conception which, for the average of our people is much wanted, and very difficult: since I have long,—too long,—left you without a sign of life, even in return for your previous, equally interesting and valued letter. But I can, most sincerely, affirm that I have never lost you from my memory, and that often and often, words of yours and your example have materially helped to keep me at work and at my post, a thing which as matters stand in the Church, can most certainly not become automatic or a mere matter of course.

Yet I trust you will have understood how not the will but the force was wanting towards more frequent communication. My little health continues to restrict my mental work to 4, at most 5, hours a day. And although I tried for a while to use my Sunday break for my correspondence, instead of letting it usurp some of those limited book-work hours,—I have found that this was impossible: white nights soon forced me to once more get a practically complete break, once a week, from anything more severe than light reading or family intercourse. Hence every at all serious letter written, now always means, so much time and strength taken out of my poor literary work,—a work which, anyhow, has to move along at a depressingly slow pace. Hence *all* my friends have, alas, to exercise much kindly patience with me. My consolation must be that I do not, in the least, forget them; and that if *some* of my scholar-friends manage better than I do, *others* do even less well, e.g. Professors Bickell and Troeltsch, who, practically, never write at all.

And my recent silence is not as bad as it looks. For I did not forget my promise to try and get you to meet Mgr Mignot when he came to stay with us again,—this last July,—nor the hopes you had held out of being able to come. It was simply that he had to abandon this year's visit to us, because his Dr had to send him to Karlsbad, instead. He counts upon coming next year; and I shall not fail, if we all three are alive and he *does* come, to let you know his dates in good time. We

<sup>1</sup> Loisy.



might possibly have another (smaller) room free at the time: and you would, I trust, in that case, do us the honour of staying with us for a night or two.

As to the London Society for the Study of Religion (= LSSR),<sup>1</sup> I now send you two papers,<sup>2</sup> reports,—the only two general statements we have printed since we were in negotiation with you. You will I think agree that such changes<sup>3</sup> as have taken place in the wording of the Programme, are for the better. You and I were not by any means alone in wishing for something more precise, limited, and dry. But to belong to *any* Society, means accommodation all round; and one has to be content if nothing is adopted which is incapable of favourable interpretation and acceptance by oneself, and if, at the same time, the Society in its practice does, in one's opinion, *some* good, more good than harm.—Now I think that at least *this* much can be said for the LSSR. Indeed I would claim more for it. For whilst the poor 'Synthetic' gives us all the impression of being, somehow, moribund, and ever seemed to be but fitfully alive; this new association is, so far, quite unmistakably keen and corporately energetic. This comes no doubt, in part, because of our limited numbers,—and I am anxious to continue to keep these down,—indeed to get rid of such members as do not attend at least twice in every Session. I think Wicksteed's Black List is a very good idea. Of the Papers, I think the most successful,—at least, at and for the Meetings,—was Claude Montefiore's,—like all he writes, so human, vivid, unpretentious, spiritual; and this although it was distinctly loosely knit and contained two passages which he promised to amend. You will have seen it in the last 'Hibbert': 'The Synoptic Gospels, and the Jewish Consciousness'.—Dr. John Hunter's Paper<sup>4</sup> was, it also, alive and stimulating, though perhaps a little too much a preacher's work—a *fervorino*: yet large and delightfully Catholic in its tone,—Catholic from the lips of a Congregationalist (Independent). But then this plucky would-be-Catholiciser of the sect of Cromwell, has lost his London Church, as the price of his devotedness.—And it was deeply interesting to follow the warm protest of Mr Workman (one of the Professors of the *Wesleyan* Training-College), against too exclusive, or rather against too narrowly interpreted, an appeal to 'experience'. That of all people he, a W., had a right to know, to dread, and to warn, on this point. Also G. M. Trevelyan spoke with much force and a moving sincerity, which it is rare to get. Dr Carpenter's Paper<sup>5</sup> was evidently the work of one thoroughly well informed on his subject; and I much like the courteous, candid man. But all the rest of us knew really too little about his subject, to be able to criticise with much effectiveness.—My own paper<sup>6</sup> was well followed for its first half, and then (I am sure through my own fault, and because I had tried to cram in too many different and difficult lines of argument) I lost their atten-

<sup>1</sup> By June 1907, Bishop had quite forgotten what these initials stood for.

<sup>2</sup> One only: not reproduced here.

<sup>3</sup> These consist solely in the omission of the last two paragraphs.

<sup>4</sup> On the foundations of the religious life.

<sup>5</sup> On the passage of early Buddhism from an ethical system to a theism.

<sup>6</sup> On the place and function of the historic element in religion.

tion, or rather, they lost the thread of the argument. But I was deeply gratified by the vivid apprehension and warm sympathy with which my simply spoken explanations and defence were followed. Nothing could have been more encouraging.—

Besides these *ordinary* meetings and Papers, we have, so far, had one *extraordinary* assembly and memoir. M. Paul Sabatier read us an account of the origin, aims and vicissitudes of his 'Society for Franciscan Studies'. Although I always feel a touch, indeed more than a touch, of Protestant sectarianism to be still ever latent in his mind, and though I know practically nothing about his fascinating subject: I am, as I said that evening, very glad of his Society. For, as Duchesne said to me, years ago, when I was first taking to Biblical Critical work with clear and deliberate conviction,—there is the *Citadel*, which not all the Theologians in the world will ever take or even attempt to capture,—Literary and Historical Criticism applied to Classical Literature and History; the *outworks*, which Theologians will alternately try to hold and leave in the hands of the critics,—that same Criticism as applied to Church Literature and History; and the *open* country which only when they are napping, or after much and long peace, theologians will allow to be overrun by the 'rabble' of the Citadel,—that same Criticism applied to the Bible, to the O. and then to the N.T. And if he was right, then it may well turn out that the most useful of the posts,—the most useful *educationally* to occupy, is the *intermediate* one, as Paul S. does.—

In this coming session we are to have papers from A. L. Lilley; Sylvanus Thompson; Corrance; and —. The latter has not yet been fixed upon. And we are to have an extra meeting and Paper for and from Padre Semeria, *probably* on Oct. 10th, *possibly*, Oct. 3rd.

The said excellent Barnabite arrives next Sunday, Oct. 1st, on a 3 weeks' visit to us here. I am much looking forward to getting my daily afternoon walk with a man of such ever unbroken, ever unclouded honesty, courage, and ever-growing insight and virility. He does not, unfortunately, talk anything but Italian and French. I wish he could be meeting you, and you him; although you would, perhaps, be somewhat easily tired by his boisterous spirits and overflowing optimism. Yet the amount of good work which he manages to do under every kind of disadvantage and isolation is quite astonishing.—

I am sorry to say that, after arranging for him to stay in our house, we are constrained to get him a bed outside. For my eldest daughter has, these last 3 weeks, developed a complication of a still largely obscure but distinctly alarming kind. The Doctors alternate in their Diagnosis between Appendicitis and some feminine disorder, or *both*. And though she is certainly better now, yet 3 weeks of but liquid food and continuous bed have, of course, seriously weakened her. And yet they continue to think that a serious operation will be necessary some ten days hence, if we would ward off the probability of a fresh attack of this acute inflammation which might then necessitate a most dangerous operation *hic et nunc*. You will thus understand why I cannot, unfortunately, offer to take you in just now. The fact is, of course, that we are

in a situation of considerable suspense and anxiety, and dare not fix up any plans.

I had a most delightfully, because as ever utterly simply, heroic letter from Loisy some 14 days ago, telling me of his farm and poultry-yard; and of how deeply grateful he is that, just when, after years of work, conflict, and strain, he so much required a complete rest and change, he should have been given it, in exactly the most appropriate conditions possible,—a reversion to that open-air life and work in which his childhood was passed. He also feels,—and I am confident, quite rightly,—that Rome will continue to have done with him,—only until the rupture of Church and State is complete and effected with such *brusquerie* or violence (or with what Rome would take to be such), as to remove all motives of consideration for French governmental or scholarly as distinct from *intransigent* clerical opinion. I am so very glad that he can, just now, gain all the equanimity, and psychic force and balance which may be all required before he has done his life's work.

With you I am delighted that Dom Butler should be engaged on that Mysticism-book. He will be able to bring out, into quite new prominence, the special features of the mysticism of the Egyptian early Monachism, and of the Benedictine Order,—taking the latter in its widest acceptance.—And with you I am anxious that the Benedictine House at Cambridge should continue. It is *exactly* on the right lines; and it would seem a simple thing, to let well alone and to continue as begun. And yet I could not help noting, with regret, when I last saw Dom Butler here,—I think, in July,—how great had, quite evidently, been the pain and disappointment over his removal from Cambridge, and in connection with the apathy at Downside with regard to his further work. It was, in a sense, a surprise, because at the time of the change, he managed so well to hide his feelings, that I sincerely believed that, somehow, he was positively glad of the change, and had either himself suggested it, or, at least, had most heartily embraced and willed it.—

I had three most profitable weeks with Fr. Tyrrell in Richmond, Yorks, as the first part of my holiday; and then a fortnight at Fort Augustus, as its conclusion. I have hopes that, as to the former, some amicable arrangement may be arrived at, by means of which he would cease to be in the immensely straining and irritating position of working and writing within a body, which, in its central official representatives is quite *especially* operative against what he would labour for. As to F.A., I do not see how and when those good monks will get into workable conditions again. For once the controversy takes the form (or seems to do so, in the eyes of Rome), of a conflict between the more autonomous and English *English* Congregation, and the centralising, directly Roman St Anselmo people: I do not see how Rome (being what it is) can be induced to side with the former element and trend. Yet one's sympathies are strongly with those men.—

Since you are so utterly trustworthy and understanding a reader of Catholic writings of the *coming* type, I venture to send you a booklet 'The Church and the Future' which, I cannot help hoping you will find

deeply stimulating. I know that I can count upon your absolute discretion with regard to it. I have not ventured to show it to Dom Butler.

Yours with warm sympathy and grateful respect,  
Fr. von Hügel.

13, Vicarage Gate,  
Kensington, W.  
6th Oct. 1905.

Dear Mr Bishop,—

When I wrote the other day, I had mislaid the first of the two circulars to which I referred; I now enclose a copy,<sup>1</sup> not to be returned. I also now write these lines, to tell you that Padre Semeria is now in England; and, after some days at Birmingham and Oxford, will again be settled by us here, from the evening of the 13th to midday of the 22nd, inclusive. He would *very much* like to meet you; and for most of those days (all but the evenings of the week-days, when he preaches) he would still be free for you. Would it be impossible for you to be in town for one or two of those days? Without being a finished specialist, like yourself, in any one line, he is a man of such vigorous initiative, such openness of mind, quickness of apprehension, solidity of method, and generosity of sympathy, that not only could and would he learn much from you, but you yourself would, I think, be refreshed and stimulated by him.—I should be so glad if you could say 'yes', and could fix a day, and fix it soon (so as to our making sure of keeping it for you); and if you could let me have a copy of your fine 'History and Apologetics' paper for him; also that on the 'Roman Rite'. Pray forgive my pressure.

Yours with cordial sincerity  
Fr. von Hügel.

My eldest daughter's illness precludes our asking you to stay in our house, alas!

Bishop answered these two letters together on 8 October, having been prevented by a chill, and by 'some preoccupation in other people's concerns', from replying at once to the earlier. He said nothing about the L.S.S.R.—a silence which seems (at last) to have convinced the Baron that the subject was not congenial. In the perspective of a half-century, and with such guidance to Bishop's real mind as *Liturgica Historica* provides, it has become hard to see how anyone knowing Bishop could have supposed he would be interested in the methods and discussions of the new Society. To some extent, his contemporaries might be justifiably at fault through attending to his conversation, which, at any

<sup>1</sup> Not reproduced here.

rate from the '90s onwards and in the atmosphere of Great Ormonde Street, seems to have been (comparatively) luxuriant in 'views'. In the present instance, too, Bishop had misled his correspondent by the warm expressions in his first letter (of 8 May 1904): as will be seen later, the Baron never understood how widely the L.S.S.R. diverged in actual fact from the pattern suggested to Bishop by the words 'study of the historical side of religion' (as explicitly distinct from 'the philosophical side').

Commenting on his own paper entitled *History or Apologetics*, Bishop takes up, in a wider context, the Baron's metaphor of 'the citadel'; by contrast with the French, he sees among contemporary German Catholics a tendency 'to draw back into the lines of the old "fortifications"—that many of us have thought to have had their day and be no longer very serviceable'.

His reflexions on 'Hilaire Bourdon's' essay, sent him by the Baron, are instinct with personal sympathy, though the pseudonym defeated him: he had himself 'lived out' what the author has to say about the problems of the individual educated Catholic.

The rest of this letter is taken up with the development of some of Bishop's characteristic theses, about Acton, the Vatican Council *schema* on the Church, and other questions in recent ecclesiastical history.

(*To be continued*)

## BOOK REVIEWS

### LUCREZIA BORGIA

*Lucrezia Borgia: A Study.* By Joan Haslip. (Cassell & Co. 21s.)

THE name Borgia on the title page of a book still serves to rouse pleasing emotions of curiosity and cant. Nowadays we should forget about the cant, if we remember that in Henry VIII's day malefactors were still boiled to death, by comparison with Cesare Borgia's practice of strangulation. But the curiosity may be pushed a bit further, to inquire why horror is so inseparably connected with the Borgia name. There have been colourful ruffians in all ages, including our own, and history is often not unkind to them. The present generation, with its Himmlers and Berias, cannot afford to cast a stone, nor indeed should the Renaissance Italians. Miss Haslip's interesting book shows that in the scale of conventional criminality the Borgia methods were fully matched by other native dynasties, by the Sforzas in Milan, the Estes in Ferrara, the Baglionis in Perugia and the Malatestas in Rimini. Giuliano della Rovere, Pope Julius II, successor in title and in policy to Alexander VI, but his lifelong enemy, no doubt has much to do with creating the tradition of Borgia infamy. Miss Haslip points to another and more universal source.

It was indeed a great convenience for Italians of their day and afterwards to make the Borgias into scapegoats, and they were selected as both upstarts and aliens. The habit is common enough. The Irish, for example, have perpetuated in their own minds quite a special concept about Cromwell; the French sought to justify their revolution by vilifying the Austrian (it is a pity, incidentally, that the same word did not occur to the Germans twenty years ago). For the Borgias, moreover, their character as aliens would also serve to explain their extraordinary clan loyalty, hence the nepotism and dynastic ambitions, and hence, too, Cesare's too possessive attitude towards Lucrezia.

But if this explanation alone accounts for their bad reputation, it would have been confined to Italy and there in time it would have surely died. If it did not die, is it not because the Reformation created a vested interest in spreading and keeping alive the legend—nowhere



more so than in England? Lord Acton, in more than one of his Essays,<sup>1</sup> has argued that the newly established Protestant Church, finding in itself a complete diversity of doctrine, had to base itself intellectually on historical arguments; scientific history, he continued, was increasingly destroying the validity of these arguments, but as they were the main foundation of the edifice, they had nevertheless perforce to be kept alive. If so, we may conceive that the hard-pressed divines who served Queen Elizabeth and the Cecils may have found comfort in pointing to a figure in Rome who, for judicial murder, confiscation, corruption and incontinency, could beat the record of their own revered Sovereign's father, the founder of their state church. The people of England loyally supported such a view of history, and every schoolboy still knows more of Guy Fawkes than of Titus Oates. So even up to the days of Queen Victoria, lush stories of Borgia villainy could provide not only ecclesiastical pabulum for the Bishop of Barchester, but also a romantic thrill for the Misses Proudie.

By contrast, how many English read or write about that grand-nephew of Lucrezia, who put aside his Dukedom, who refused a Cardinalate, who against his own will was made General of the Society of Jesus, and who was canonized as St. Francis Borgia?

In the face of such a demand, there is sure to be a supply, from foreign authors as well as English. Nevertheless, it is a matter for regret that one quite recent English book on the subject should have been revealed as an unacknowledged paraphrase from Mme Maria Bellonci's authoritative work, published in Italy in 1939 and awaiting translation.<sup>2</sup> The gap left by the withdrawal of this effort has now been more than filled by Miss Haslip.

By its title, Miss Haslip's book is concerned with Lucrezia Borgia, of whom it is indeed true that much is known but not more than has been written. The main facts of her life are familiar. Three dynastic marriages. The first, aged thirteen, to Giovanni Sforza, Lord of Pesaro, who for all his powerful name was a weakling and was chased out of Rome when the Sforzas called in the armies of France to Italy. The second to Alfonso of Aragon, bastard of the King of Naples, a handsome young man for whom she had a honeymoon love, but he was openly murdered by her brother when the Borgias in their turn had decided to ally themselves with France. Finally to Alfonso d'Este, Duke of Ferrara, a rugged soldier whose family were strong enough to meet the Borgias as equals. Strangely, this marriage called forth loyalty on both sides and survived all political strains; by the end of her life Lucrezia was a paragon as wife, mother and ruler of her Duchy. The respectable descendants of her third marriage survive and may revere the memory of their

<sup>1</sup> For example, the Essay on the Catholic Press, reprinted on p. 260 of *Essays on Church and State* (Hollis & Carter, 1952).

<sup>2</sup> See *Times Literary Supplement* of 13 March 1953.

ancestress. There were, indeed, other and more discreditable episodes in her life, which are described in Miss Haslip's book and need not be reproduced here; in one, Miss Haslip has mellowed the primitive language of Burchard's diary with sufficient delicacy.

As for her personality, we can see complaisance, affection, an air of innocence, a passion for dancing and fine raiment, loyalty and good business sense—but this mixture of qualities was no doubt present in Mother Eve. Her surviving writings have a certain wistful charm, stylized though they are. What of her beauty, which set the Italian chroniclers and poets raving?

Though crowds once gathered if she but showed her face  
And even old mens' eyes grew dim.

Where are we to find the source of that mysterious glamour, that still surrounds her as it does Cleopatra and Helen of Troy? Could Sir Walter Scott, with all his imagination, have built up such an aura round a lady with a not dissimilar record, Mary Queen of Scots? Is it all sentimentality, such as Burke felt for Marie Antoinette? Lucrezia, too, was a delightful vision and she seems scarcely to touch this orb. Must ten thousand fingers reach for their typewriters to avenge even a word that threatens her with insult?

But, however, all that may be, Lucrezia remains puzzling and misty, and in truth it is Cesare and even more Alexander who dominate the story. For Cesare Miss Haslip does not seem to show much sympathy, yet she fairly points out that it was he that forced the respect of the acutest Italians of his day, including, after all, Machiavelli. All Italy called for a Caesar and such he well might have been, but was not.

Last, but clearest of all, comes Rodrigo Borgia, Pope Alexander VI, that prodigious misfit and, one must feel, predestined failure; holder of the apostolic see, who concerned himself with dynastic ambitions; inheritor of the sword of the spirit, who preferred the sword of steel; priest, whose human interest was in the prowess of his children; father of a family, whose doting love at times warped his diplomatic judgement; alien from Spain, who sought to command a united Italy. In truth his temporal policy was already an anachronism, and he walked through fire and blood for a wrong ideal.

*Non ragionam di lor.* Miss Haslip, too, does not vex us with tedious political, ethical or religious lessons; she leaves it to psycho-analysts to explain Alexander's maladjustments and to medical research to explode the poison legend. She is concerned to tell the story, which is done in a manner that is lively, accurate, clear and judicious. This study is meant for the lay reader, not for the scholar; the latter might indeed become a bit petulant to see Bishop Creighton described in the

Bibliography as M. Crichton. As it is, the story is still enthralling and the reader who takes it up will turn the wireless down, then turn it off.

P. N. N. SYNNOTT

### SPANISH MYSTICS

*St. Teresa of Jesus and other Essays and Addresses.* By E. Allison Peers. (Faber and Faber. 25s.)

THE English speaking world owes Professor Allison Peers a debt for his work upon the Spanish Golden Age, translating into English the works of the two greatest Mystics of that period, for relaying to the English public the considerable amount of scholarship that has been done concerning these two, Santa Teresa and her little Seneca, San Juan de la Cruz.

This posthumous work of the Professor from Liverpool University contains three articles upon St. Teresa, one upon her foundations, another upon her letters—and there he is specially expert having only recently translated the whole corpus—a third on her most illusive style. Personally I find her style extremely complicated and therefore to that extent bad. It is her personality which is so alive that even her bad style is completely redeemed. It is when she is not thinking of style, when she is completely abandoned to the idea that her style is liberated from 'style'.

These chapters are followed by excursions into such questions as whether the poems of Luis de León are mystical, and even one on the mystical element in those of Lope de Vega. There are three lectures on Cervantes, two concerning Cervantes and England and one on Cervantes Criticism outside Spain, each giving a good summary of the subject.

The book ends with a grateful and graceful appreciation of Father Gurdon, the late Prior at the famous Cartuja of Miraflores outside Burgos. He was a man of God.

The most useful section of the book is that devoted to St. John of the Cross, entitled 'New Light on St. John of the Cross'. It most certainly is; and we owe it chiefly to P. Crisógono de Jesús Sacramentado, whose *Vida y obras de San Juan de la Cruz*, published after his untimely death, are the finest flower of Spanish scholarship upon this the greatest of their saints. Of course his work was only possible after the labours of P. Silverio de Santa Teresa, but he researched independently. Professor Allison Peers pulls all these researches together and provides the English reader, not with a complete picture of the scene but a completed picture, taking for granted that we know all the 'news' up to about 1940.

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The main tracks of his life which are re-examined are; the period of the imprisonment and the last year of his life, a second period of persecution. I agree with Allison Peers' reconstruction of the escape, except for one or two details. St. John loosened the screws holding the bolt on the outside of his cell door so that when he gave the door a jerk, on the night of his escape, they would fall out and the door fly open. It is what happened. But the clatter woke two visiting friars who were sleeping in the room of which St. John's cell was really the closet. Another curious point is: why did St. John let himself down into the courtyard from the City wall, seeing that there was no way out? It does seem certain, however, that once he was down in the yard, the method of getting out was not miraculous but quite simply climbing. On the other hand the convent of Carmelite nuns to which he fled was not nearby, but almost the other side of the city, and he could not find his way.

I agree with Professor Peers that, in spite of the evidence for St. John having recited from memory his poems to the nuns in that convent, he did also have a little notebook in which he had written some down. Which these poems were will never be agreed, because the witnesses are not agreed. However, we can provide a minimum list: some of the *romances* concerning the Holy Trinity; a number of stanzas of the Spiritual Canticle, probably the major part; *Aunque es de noche*; the stanzas on *Super flumina Babylonis*; '*Que bien sé yo la fonte que mane y corre*' with its refrain '*Aunque es de noche*' (Though it be night). One of the nuns affirmed that he also had written '*En una noche oscura*'. Of all the poems this would have been the most suitable for him to have written in the darkness of the cell, '*sin otra luz y guía*' than God himself, and just before escaping '*sin ser notada*'. But the authorities are against it.

The second main division of this section in Allison Peers' book is concerned with the discoveries of sources for St. John's poetry. The most recent and the most startling is the discovery made by José Manuel Blecuá in the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris of a pastoral poem beginning *Un pastorcillo*. It is anonymous and has only four stanzas; the poem of San Juan beginning *Un pastorcico* has five. They are almost identical. St. John dexterously twists the meaning into an allegorical sense.

Up to the discovery of this poem the critics were working on surmises. St. John must have read his Garcilaso de la Vega, his Buscón, his Sebastián de Córdoba; a line here another there are echoes of these, the masters of his youth. Allison Peers still is sceptical of any conscious borrowing, indeed of any at all from Córdoba. But it should now be plain that if St. Juan is prepared to turn a *lo divino* some mediocre pastoral love poem, he would not hesitate to take his nuggets where he found them and polish until they became the crystal clear and scintillating lines of his own lovely poetry.

M. Dámaso Alonso has shown that this habit of twisting worldly poems to divine meanings was a habit of the period, even novels suffered this fate. The nuns of St. Teresa's convents were adepts at the art, and especially, so we learn from one of her letters, the very convent to which he fled on that hot night of August when he slid down the improvised rope onto the city wall of Toledo, and so to safety.

So much material has recently come to light upon St. John of the Cross that perhaps the time has come for yet another 'definitive' Life in English. The ideal would be to translate P. Crisógono's 500-page life, where every sentence is guaranteed by contemporary evidence.

COLUMBA CARY-ELWES, O.S.B.

### SANCTITY IN THE MARRIED STATE

*Barbe Acarie: Wife and Mystic.* A biography by Lancelot C. Sheppard. (Burns Oates. 16s.)

THIS is the story of what is certainly one of the most extraordinary vocations in the history of the Church. That a married woman—for Madame Acarie was widow and nun only for the last five years of her life and lived in marriage for thirty-one—can attain heroic sanctity officially recognized is not so uncommon. That a married woman should be given the task of introducing the reformed Carmelites into France (all our English Carmels, Mr. Sheppard points out, derive directly or indirectly from her work), and even of selecting and training future nuns—thus a Carmelite foundress, and in effect mistress of novices—must be almost unique in the annals of the Catholic religion. We say 'almost' for the contemporary vocation of Adrienne Speir closely resembles it.

What sort of woman, then, was she? Hitherto, apart from a 'common form' hagiography by Emily Bowes, English readers have had nothing but Bremond's brilliant but fragmentary, and, it would seem, not wholly accurate sketch of her, in Vols. II and III of his great work on French spirituality in the seventeenth century. Now we are given this excellent life. True, it is not the minutely detailed and fully documented life which Père Bruno has written in French, 762 pages to Mr. Sheppard's 202. But comparatively few have time and taste to read a life on that scale, and its information has been well utilized here. We have before us a lively portrait of this remarkable and attractive saint—or more strictly Beata—entirely free from devout clichés and marked by balanced judgement and sense of proportion.

Mr. Sheppard is rightly at pains to insist that, though some four years as a Carmelite lay-sister have placed Barbe Acarie, née Avrillot, in the calendar as Mary of the Incarnation, she achieved sanctity in the

married state. He also disposes of the suggestions of her first biographer, and finally superior, Dr. Duval, that she married Pierre Acarie against the grain to obey an imperious mother, and with secret longings for the nun's consecrated virginity. He depicts her as throughout a devoted, indeed, an ideally loving wife. In the years following her elevation to a high state of contemplative prayer, the subject of protracted ecstasies, she continued her full married life. The last three of her six children were born after her definitive conversion to holiness, and two of them after these graces of prayer. Nor is there the least indication that, like Margery Kempe, she revolted against the physical aspect of marriage and tried to end it. On the other hand, we are informed on conclusive evidence that after a third fall in 1597 had irretrievably injured her thigh, marriage relations ceased. Mr. Sheppard argues that this was due solely to the accident, which had made further childbirth a very serious danger to her life. This, no doubt, was the occasion, and at least in part, the cause. But was it the entire cause? Barbe's devoted love of her husband would, we suspect, have made her take even a grave risk had she not believed that a life of continence was the better way for its own sake. And the fact that relations were not resumed in later life confirms the suspicion. In any case, God had willed, or at any rate permitted, the accident. We cannot, in fact, avoid the conclusion, confirmed by so many lives of saints and contemplatives, that a tension, so to speak, is experienced between the biological union of sex, which is the supreme activity of the human spirit *as* it is the biological life principle of the body, *as* it ensouls the body, and its strictly spiritual activity, *as* it seeks and attains union with God, whenever the latter has reached a high intensity and is experienced as such.

That the other, more unselfish duties of the married life can be as sanctifying as the duties of the religious life is abundantly proved by this biography alone, as commented so well by Mr. Sheppard. How Barbe found time to be a dutiful, indeed a devoted wife, a mother for her period quite exceptionally interested in her children's upbringing, though Mr. Sheppard is silent about the corporal punishment of which Bremond tells us, to visit the sick in hospital and wait upon them, to assist the poor and be active in rescue work, lavish spiritual advice and consolation on a host of visitors and take an active part in all projects for reforming religious houses and reviving the spiritual life, is difficult to understand. One could wish that a detailed time-table had survived. There seems reason, however, to believe that as her spiritual activities increased she ceased her regular work in the hospital. When her husband paid for his support of the League against Henry of Navarre by years of exile from Paris and the impoverishment incurred for the cause, his wife, remaining in the capital, by her untiring efforts, and at the price of many humiliations, put his affairs in order and restored him to solvency. As her fame grew, the recognized religious leaders frequented



her house and sought her advice. Master theologians, Duval, Galle-mant, Bérulle, were assiduous visitors. When in Paris, St. Francis of Sales, already a bishop, visited her every other day. Montmartre, Saint Etienne-le-Soissons, Foissy, Notre Dame aux Nonnains and Notre Dame des-Prés were houses in whose reformation she played an important part. Also, an Augustinian house, the Hôtel Dieu at Pontoise, where the resistance had to be overcome of a Prioress who wore the dress of a fashionable lady with 'curled, powdered and scented' hair.

The introduction into France of the Discalced Carmelite nuns—six were brought from Spain, among them St. Teresa's favourite, Anna of Jesus—was the result of visions in which St. Teresa entrusted the task to Barbe, though a noble foundress was in fact obtained for the first French foundation. A meeting of the leading spirituals at the Paris Charterhouse to consider Barbe's proposal unanimously turned it down as impracticable. Political tension, they considered, between France and Spain was too powerful. But St. Teresa appeared a second time. Barbe reopened the matter. A second meeting was held outside the enclosure so that she could attend it. This time the project was approved, and it was finally carried through.

Visions, however, were extremely rare with Madame Acarie. Her ecstasies, though long and intense, seem to have been devoid of images, due simply to the strength and intimacy of her union with God. Indeed, to the end of her life she disliked and distrusted the abundance of visions and other abnormal phenomena recorded in St. Teresa's Autobiography. Nevertheless, Mr. Sheppard is, we are sure, correct when he says that she did not belong to what he calls the 'abstract school' of contemplation concentrated exclusively on union with the transcendent Godhead, the mysticism of *The Cloud of Unknowing* and its expositor, Augustine Baker, but followed her early director, the Franciscan, Benet Canfield, in requiring, with St. Teresa, devotion to the Passion of Christ from all contemplatives. For our part, we think it a matter of individual vocation and attrait. Almost her last act, however, was to resist Bérulle's attempt to impose his own complicated spirituality upon the French Carmelites in place of St. Teresa's simpler and freer type of prayer.

We do not care for Mr. Sheppard's translation of the Augustinian quotation which converted Madame Acarie to holiness. '*Trop est avare à qui Dieu ne suffit*'. 'He is indeed a miser to whom God is not enough'. Surely a miser, one who hoards his wealth, is not meant. Greedy or avaricious would be a better translation.

We cannot agree with Mr. Sheppard that 'The attitude to marriage which sees it as a poor second best to the religious life may be a result of the counter-reformation reaction to the Lutheran heresy.' On the contrary, Luther's rejection of religious virginity was an excessive reaction to the prevalence of this attitude in the pre-reformation, indeed,

even the primitive Church. Witness the polemic of St. Jerome, and later the efforts made by St. Catherine of Siena to persuade her married friends to break off sexual relations. It is an exaggeration to say that St. John of the Cross 'delighted to have his brother, the poor weaver' (he was, in fact, a gardener) Francis Yepes, with him whenever he could, and employed him about the monasteries of the newly founded Carmelites'. It was only at the first foundation, Duruelo, when the friars were too few for the work of the house that St. John called in his brother to help.

However indefensible the methods employed by the League, it undoubtedly made Paris cost Henri Quatre a Mass and, so far as we can see, saved Catholic France. Mr. Sheppard's condemnation should, therefore, we think, be qualified. Boulogne (p. 5) is surely a slip for Bois de Boulogne.

But all these are minor points of disagreement. By and large, there can be nothing but praise for this lifelike delineation of a remarkable, we might even say, amazing woman. The illustrations, too, are admirable, in particular the portrait of Pierre Acarie (convincingly defended here against Bremond's disparagement), and Barbe's deathmask.

E. I. WATKIN

#### VYACHESLAV IVANOV

*Freedom and the Tragic Life : A Study in Dostoevsky.* By Vyacheslav Ivanov.

Translated by Norman Cameron. (Harvill Press. 16s.)

It is to be presumed, in default of any indication from the translator or the publisher, that this is a translation of Ivanov's *Dostoievsky : Tragödie — Mythos — Mystik*, Tübingen, 1932 : for the three parts of the present work are headed Tragedic Aspect, Mythological Aspect, Theological Aspect. It is high time that a protest was made against the growing habit among English publishers of failing—not to use a stronger word—to disclose the original title, language *and date* of translated works. It is not unknown for the very fact of translation to be concealed.

The interpretation of Dostoevsky's thought was one of Ivanov's chief interests throughout his long working life, and the esteem in which his work is held among his countrymen, in exile, if not in his own country, as well as its uncommon lucidity and elegance, make it all the more odd that it should have been for so long ignored among Western, or at any rate English-speaking, students of Dostoevsky.

His name has indeed been long known here, but only among the few amateurs of symbolist verse, and the still fewer classical scholars. The catalogue of the London Library, which is traditionally well found in Russian letters, lists half a dozen works under his name : *De societa-*

*tibus vectigalium publicorum populi Romani*, 1910; *Transparency*, two volumes of lyrics, 1904; *Cor Ardens*, 1911; *Prometheus, a tragedy*, 1919; *Letters from two corners* (with M. O. Gershenson), 1921; *Native and Universal*, 1922. The last includes an essay, *The Face and Masks of Russia*, which is quoted by Leo Zander in his *Dostoevsky*, London, 1948, together with earlier essays, on Art and Symbolism, the Limits of Art, and The Fundamental Myth in the Novel *The Possessed*, which were reprinted in Ivanov's collected essays of 1916, *Furrows and Headlands* (*Borozdy i Mezhi*). Simmons, in his *Dostoevski, the Making of a Novelist* (New York, 1940), mentions in his bibliography another essay in the same volume, *Dostoevski i roman-tragediya*. The evidently was the basis of chapter one of the present work, on the novel-tragedy.

Maurice Baring, in 1914, named Ivanov, together with Sologub, Bryusov, Balmont and Blok as poets who had produced work which any school would be glad to claim. Nevertheless, even ten years later his *Oxford Book of Russian Verse* did not find room for anything from Ivanov (or Sologub, for that matter). Another anthology, published in Leipzig by A. Eliasberg in 1920, *The Russian Parnassus*, includes nine of Ivanov's poems, the last of which, *The Road to Emmaus*, is translated by Sir Maurice Bowra in his *Book of Russian Verse* (1st series), London, 1943. The last verse of this fine poem is a good example of Ivanov's approach to faith by way of myth:

Someone, a stranger, on the road,  
Stopping to speak to us, proclaims  
A sacrificed and a dead God . . .  
And the heart breathes again, and flames. (Tr. Bowra.)

Berdyayev, in his Moscow lectures on Dostoevsky's View of the World, translated into French as *L'Esprit de Dostoevsky*, and into English in 1934 as *Dostoevsky, an Interpretation*, ignores Ivanov, while mentioning Merejkovsky's *Lev Tolstoy i Dostoevski* (1901-3), as 'the best (book) so far'.

Janko Lavrin's handbook of 1943, *Dostoevsky, a Study*, mentions Ivanov in passing, but attributes more importance to Merejkovsky's work, and to V. Rozanov's *The Legend of the Grand Inquisitor* (1902).

Berdyayev, again, in *The Russian Idea*<sup>1</sup> (Eng. tr. London, 1947, pp. 233 f), in rather more than a page gives a somewhat unfriendly sketch of Ivanov as a characteristic and brilliant figure of the (Russian) Renaissance at the beginning of this century. 'His ideas apparently changed. He was a conservative, a mystic, an anarchist, an Orthodox, an occultist, a patriot, a communist, and he ended his life in Rome as a Catholic and a fascist. And among all these constant changes of his he always remained essentially the same self. There was much that was mere play

<sup>1</sup> Ivanov had published a book with the same title, *Die Russische Idee*, Tübingen, 1930.

in the life of this fascinating person. On his return from abroad he brought with him the religion of Dionysus about which he wrote a remarkable and very learned book.' (*Dionysus and Fore-Dionysism*, quoted, on p. 51 n. in *Freedom and the Tragic Life*).

A more sympathetic account of the Russian Renaissance will be found in chapter 4, Interrupted Renewal, and especially the section on The Silver Age, of *Russia: Absent and Present* (Eng. tr., London, 1952) by Wladimir Weidlé, the one man who could, if he would, give us an adequate monograph on Ivanov.

Mr. Cameron's translation reads, on the whole, easily enough (and I should say that Ivanov's prose must be as hard to translate as Maritain's). But he has some tiresome tricks, such as a preference for 'unbeknown' or 'unbeknownst' (pp. 114, 147) in place of 'unknown', or for 'what though' (p. 119) in place of 'though'. One suspects that 'exhausting' on p. 15 should be 'exhaustive'. A gaggle of unwanted 'the's' appears on p. 32 ('The personality', etc.) and on the opposite page in the quotation from Tolstoy ('the true existence'). A surplus negative on p. 82 seems to show a defective memory of *Crime and Punishment*: 'unless, like Svidrigailov, he has *not* become incapable of loving'. On pp. 145-46 the phrase 'In *The Journal of an Author*, an entry made in 1873' suggests that the Journal, of which an American edition is now available, is taken to be an ordinary personal diary rather than a one-man magazine.

A few short extracts will give a fairer picture than these quibbles of Mr. Cameron's normal standard and of the extreme interest and penetration of his original. 'Life is basically tragic because man is not what he is' (p. 5). Incidentally, does not this suggest that the title should have been 'Freedom and the Tragedy of Life' or 'The Tragedy of Freedom?' 'The Tragic Life' seems to imply that non-tragic lives are found.

'Dostoevsky seeks to express the basic antinomy of tragedy in antinomic action . . . Crime, therefore, becomes the centre of Dostoevsky's tragic world' (p. 15). But 'what in Sophoclean tragedy appears as an inscrutable decree of destiny is exalted by Dostoevsky to a supra-conscious act of will by the human soul, which either turns towards God . . . or turns away from him' (p. 18). 'Faith is a sign of the good health of the will . . . Dostoevsky's realism was his faith, which he received after he had lost his "soul"—that is to say his selfhood—in the experience of the death-sentence, reprieve on the scaffold, and transportation' (p. 28).

'Dostoevsky presents each individual destiny as a single coherent event taking place simultaneously on three different levels'—metaphysical, psychical and social. 'His whole examination of the external life has a single aim: to ascertain the part played by the intelligible act of will in the empirical deed' (p. 38). 'The results of this examination are radically different from sentences pronounced upon earthly culprits . . .' (p. 39). For 'true tragedy, like true mysticism, is possible only

on the soil of a deeply realistic view of the world. The tragic struggle must be fought out between the actual and effective realities.' Dostoevsky's 'tragedy is enacted between God and the human soul' (p. 40).

And 'the validity of' this 'tragic principle . . . is extended, beyond the human sphere, to all creation subordinate to man . . . Nature . . . is dependent upon the final self-determination of man, and is, in her own fashion, aware of this dependence' (p. 45).

The nucleus of every true epic-tragedy and therefore of all Dostoevsky's novels is a myth. By myth, Ivanov says, he means 'a synthetic proposition in which to the subject-symbol is attached a verbal predicate. In the oldest epoch of religions, this was the pattern of the primitive myth as a verbal expression of the fundamental idea, and as the determining factor of the form of rite associated with it. The rite seeks either to enhance by sympathetic magic the power of the action proclaimed in the verbal predicates, or to nullify it by counter-magic. As examples of the primitive myth may be offered: "the sun—is born", "the sun—dies", "God—enters man", "Heaven—by means of rain, makes fruitful its spouse, Earth"' (p. 50).

The content of all Dostoevsky's myths, in this sense, the artistic germs of his novels, is, according to Ivanov, 'the ineffable knowledge that each individual man is the whole of mankind, and that all mankind is the *one* man, the one Adam.' And 'between . . . universal humanity and the human individual there is a series of unities . . . bearing the same relation to the whole as the seven Churches in the Revelation bear to the one Church of God' (e.g. such unities as 'the people') and, Ivanov suggests, a series of diabolic parodies of them (p. 56).

'The people', in particular, has two aspects—masculine and active, feminine and passive. The former is free, the latter bound to the former, which alone can accept or refuse its divine destiny. But the former may also desert the latter, which can then fall a prey to the powers of evil. This Dostoevsky had seen happening in Russia.

The unity of man, Ivanov maintains, is the myth of *Crime and Punishment*, its tragedy the tragedy of active choice, the tragedy of passive commitment that of *The Idiot* (and, he might surely have added, of *A Raw Youth*, which he curiously neglects). The relation between the two is the tragedy of *The Possessed*, which also brings out the fact that the passive element in the people, while it may be helpless, is never deceived and never forgets.

*The Brothers Karamazov* is, he holds, by contrast rather allegorical and didactic than mythological. On the other hand, it presents directly religious truth and shows the effect that it has upon life (p. 71).

The myth of *Crime and Punishment* is briefly formulated on pp. 76–77. 'It might almost,' Ivanov suggests, 'have served as the plot for a play by Aeschylus, and can therefore be much better expressed in the technical language of ancient tragedy than by the concepts of modern ethics: the

turbulent revolt of human arrogance and insolence against the primitively-sacred decrees of Mother Earth; the preordained insanity of the evil-doer; the wrath of the Earth over the blood that has been shed; the ritual purification of the murderer—who is hunted by the Erinyes of spiritual anxiety, but is not yet repentant in the Christian sense—by the kissing of the Earth in the presence of the people assembled to try him; and the discovery, through suffering, of the right path.'

For *The Idiot* Ivanov can quote Dostoevsky's own authority for the statement that Don Quixote is one of the ancestors of Prince Myshkin. 'The main object of the novel,' Dostoevsky declared in the letter quoted on p. 86, 'is to present in positive form a really good man. There is nothing in the world more difficult to do than this. . . . Of all the beautiful figures in Christian literature, Don Quixote is the most complete. Don Quixote, however, is beautiful only because he is at the same time absurd.' 'An essential feature is common to both' (the Don and the Prince) Ivanov notes—'their Platonism and Platonic Eros . . . Nevertheless, Myshkin is neither Don Quixote nor (Pushkin's) Poor Knight.' He is 'the "pure fool" of . . . mediaeval legend. At the same time, however, he is the Ivan-the-Tsarevich of the old Russian tale . . . Prince Myshkin is above all the type of a spirituality that descends, that seeks the Earth: rather a spirit that assumes flesh than a man who rises to the spiritual' (p. 90).

'The riddle propounded in . . . *The Possessed*,' Ivanov writes, on p. 69, 'is: What is the spiritual meaning of the secret yearning of the Russian Earth for Redemption and the Redeemer? How will the coming of the hero in Christ, her Ivan the Tsarevich . . . manifest itself? In other words, how can the land of "wise will and wild action", which for ages has been entitled "holy", become indeed "Holy Russia", and the people become the Church? How does a thing, impossible for man, become possible for God?'

When, knowing that he had but a short time to live, Dostoevsky made his supreme effort to state, *en clair*, his glimpse of the answer to this question in *The Brothers Karamazov*, his answer was embodied in the figure of Alyosha. Of him Ivanov writes finely on pp. 153-54. 'He is to give the first impulse towards the realization of a true community of men of goodwill; a community maintained by mutual love in the name of Christ; a community whose aim is to bring the whole of life into the universal fold of the Church. When we recall that Alyosha intends to go and study at a university, we clearly see that he is carrying his mission to the Russia that has inwardly defected from the Church; to the Luciferian Russia whose search for the practical solution of social problems must lead, in Dostoevsky's view, primarily to a striving after the religious reinforcement and purification of human relationships.

'When the active Luciferian principle encounters the active principle of Christ, the human vessel of the latter is subjected by Lucifer to



a temptation after the pattern of the Temptation in the Wilderness . . . (For) the Name and the Figure of Christ—these are all that is given to the Christian “idea” on its way towards incarnation . . . No form of civilization, of any sort, is of itself serviceable for a construction of the new life in accordance with the “Christian idea”.

‘This construction therefore will resemble—as is allegorically suggested in a Russian fairy tale—a process of building the invisible Church [? an invisible temple] with invisible bricks; and the artisans and architects themselves will be unable to perceive with their senses what they have erected until the invisible is revealed in glory. To those who are sent out to build in this world another world, and in this kingdom another kingdom, the behest is given: “That which is made, and will be made, upon earth and by men’s laws, do not seek to destroy it; but your work is not governed by these laws.”’

I do not suggest that Ivanov’s book is the best introduction for beginners to Dostoevsky’s work: it clearly presupposes throughout that that work has been read, and is known; not only the novels, but the letters (available in Miss Mayne’s selection) and the *Journal*. The beginner needs only M. Troyat’s *Life* (now translated) before he begins. But for those who hope to go on reading Dostoevsky as long as they can read I know no better guide than this.

PATRICK THOMPSON

### EXISTENTIALISM

*Existentialism from Within*. By E. L. Allen, Ph.D., D.D. (Routledge & Kegan Paul. 18s.)

FIRST impressions of this book might easily be unfavourable. The title smacks slightly of the ‘catchpenny’. A sort of subtitle is put on the dust-cover: ‘A New and Christian Approach to the Interpretation of Existentialism’, which is disquieting, because we have had Christian approaches to Existentialism before and it is hard to see how there can be a new one. Nor does the ‘blurb’ do much to reassure us, for we find nothing much in it which we have not learnt from Fr. Copleston, Dr. Casserley and others. A glance at the Index presents us with a puzzle, because the names mentioned in the ‘blurb’ and others which we should expect to find there are absent. At the same time we may notice that this is an expensive book. The 182 pages are wide-margined. If we now decide to try the Introduction, we discover that the Index is extraordinarily defective: the expected names occur, but for some time we discover little else; the discussion proceeds on lines which are familiar

to the initiated and rather too allusive to be really helpful to the un-initiated. Several little slips in the printing of the footnotes add to our irritation, and signs of an enthusiasm for Schelling may depress us. So we might be tempted to reject the book.

This would be a great pity, for the rest of it proves to consist of four studies—of Heidegger, Sartre, Jaspers and Marcel (the chapter headings give us little clue to this)—which are of considerable interest and value. They are, in fact, largely made up of the lectures and articles which have established Dr. Allen as an authority on Existentialist writing. In the first of these studies he brings out very clearly that it is 'an essentially religious attitude that Heidegger seeks to evoke, whether or not he himself would describe it as such' (p. 22). The exposition is summed up as follows:

What happens may be described as the transmutation of circumstances into situations. Circumstances are events that happen to me and to which I stand in no inward relation. A situation, on the other hand, is an organization of possibilities, a realm of conditions that I take over from the world and my own past and in which I am called to exercise my freedom.

As we look back on this whole description of how authentic existence is reached and maintained, we are once more conscious of the Christian roots of Heidegger's thinking. However he may assure us that he does not mean by terms like conscience and guilt what the theologian means by them, it is doubtful whether he would have used such terms at all had they not been put at his disposal by the tradition in which he stands. Yet, the final outcome is reminiscent rather of Buddhism than of Christianity. The man he envisages as free and authentic has some features of Arahant. He is his own saviour. (Pp. 39-40.)

The criticisms which follow seem to me admirably judicious:

This over-emphasis on death is accompanied by a striking indifference to birth. And yet may not the import of life reveal itself more adequately in its *terminus a quo* than in its *terminus ad quem*? True as it is that we are 'thrown' into the world, that we did not ask to be sent here, that is only part of the truth. Does it mean nothing that birth is connected with an act that, however biological at one level, is at another spiritual, involves indeed the whole personalities of those who engage in it as the mutual dedication of one man and one woman? Does not this suggest that a new life enters the world as a gift from the older lives, a dower they contribute out of the riches they have themselves received? Life is ultimately bound up with love. In view of this, is it possible to dismiss without consideration the Christian view of life as a trust from God? There seems to be nothing in the world as Heidegger sees it that can be termed sacred; yet is not human life shot through with this quality? Human

life is related not only to the world and not only to other instances of human life; it has an ultimate reference that manifests itself in these references of a lower order. A commonplace action such as the purchase of the week's rations is not necessarily nor always a routine one merely. It provides an opportunity for the meeting of person with person, for moral choices and therefore for responsibility for the other before God. The truth about man is only known when he is seen in the presence of God. (Pp. 43-4.)

Dr. Allen concludes, however, that what Heidegger rejects is 'the God men have constructed for themselves, whether as the Supreme Being or the Supreme Value . . . This is the God whom we have murdered; that is, the metaphysical thinking of the West filed its petition in bankruptcy with Nietzsche. We have reached the point at which not only do our categories break down, but thinking in categories must be abandoned for the encounter with Being in its naked majesty'. (P. 49.)

Dr. Allen's very readable account of Sartre also reaches a constructive conclusion:

What the novels and plays of Sartre describe is inauthentic existence, what a man chooses to be by the repudiation of his liberty. If this is possible, there is also the possibility of authentic existence, by which he chooses to live out and by his liberty. There is no need to import obligation into human life, it is the stuff of which it is made. To exist is to be obliged to be free: what is left to us is the way in which we will be free. And in the last resort there are just these two ways, to use our freedom against freedom or to use it for freedom. While I do not think that, strictly speaking, Sartre has the right to say more than that he chooses the second alternative and appeals to others to do the same, I am glad that he has in fact assumed a value independent of freedom that enables him to describe one exercise of freedom as right and the other as wrong. Authenticity is superior to inauthenticity. (P. 78.)

The criticism of Sartre is as satisfying as that of Heidegger:

The denial of God leads him to the position in which he is bound to describe human life as absurd because we are responsible for ourselves while we did not bring ourselves into being. The word 'responsible' in this connection must be understood, I take it, in the sense that we hold ourselves responsible and not merely that other people call us to account. I cannot, however, see how responsibility is possible unless there is some tribunal beyond ourselves by which we know ourselves to be judged. My responsibility must be 'before' something or someone: it cannot be self-made. It would seem therefore that the facts to which Sartre appeals—the sheer givenness of my being-in-the-world and my sense of responsibility not only for what I do but even for what I am—can be accounted for more

simply. Do they not suggest that I am no mere accident, that I have been given to myself, that my life is a trust from God and that I am responsible to him for the use to which I put it? . . .

One serious consequence of the atheist dogma is that morality is restricted to what arises out of a deliberate choice. There is therefore no room for the graces of the good life alongside of its achievements. These can, of course, arise only where the good life is something received as well as something attained. . . .

The only justification that I can see for the atheist starting-point is the assumption, found also in Nicolai Hartmann, that God's purpose and man's freedom are mutually incompatible. God must be repudiated that morality may be possible. (Pp. 92-3.)

This last contention of Sartre's is answered by Dr. Allen in the first quotation which he gives from Jaspers:

'The man who attains true awareness of his freedom gains certainty of God. Freedom and God are inseparable. Why?

'This I know: in my freedom I am not through myself, but am given to myself, for I can fail myself and I cannot force my freedom. Where I am authentically myself, I am certain that I am not through myself. The highest freedom is experienced in freedom from the world, and this freedom is a profound bond with transcendence' (p. 94, quoting *Way to Wisdom*, p. 45).

Dr. Allen concentrates on the 'post-war developments of Jaspers's thinking', and these are of the greatest interest. For example, Jaspers now speaks of 'reason' as the task of 'the one, eternal philosophy' which it was Kierkegaard's mission to revive by an emphasis on 'subjectivity' but which cannot do without universality. 'Reason', for Jaspers, Dr. Allen tells us, is 'openness', 'clarity', 'the will to unity', it uses statements 'as pointers to what cannot be stated' (pp. 106-7), it requires a dialogue, for it can only live by sharing with others and learning from them, and it requires also for its exercise a kind of conversion (pp. 108-9). But truth for Jaspers is a matter of personal conviction of such a kind as to be utterly irreconcilable with the claims to authority made by the Catholic Church; the doctrine of the Incarnation is peculiarly repugnant to him.

It will come as a shock to those unacquainted with Dr. Allen's writings to discover that he is quite willing to surrender the doctrine. His version of Christianity will be sufficiently indicated by the following sentence: 'The Christian, we may say, does not claim that Christ has a monopoly of truth, but that all truth is seen most adequately in his light' (p. 143). And when he turns to dogmatic theology he seems to fall into the irrationalism which he had successfully avoided in the earlier part of the book: 'my truth is never God's truth as such, but at best my limited apprehension of this, and sometimes quite certainly,

alas, my misapprehension of it' (p. 147). So in the study of Marcel (which contains nothing original of any importance, but is nevertheless well worth reading) it is suggested that 'the Athanasian Creed is the classic example of the confusion of a mystery evoking awe and wonder with an intellectual puzzle' (p. 158). We may have more sympathy for the suggestion that 'availability as the key to presence seems to offer the possibility of an interpretation of the presence of Christ in the Eucharist superior to the traditional ones' (p. 171 n.).

A few comments of a general nature will be offered in conclusion. I hope I have made it clear that, in my opinion, Dr. Allen's book is to be recommended, with some reservations. It is, on the whole, very clearly written, although occasionally (as on pp. 55 and 112) the reader may not be sure whether Dr. Allen is expounding or giving his own views. And it gives a picture of Existentialism which should do something to gain a hearing for writers who are too often despised by English philosophers, Thomist as well as Humean, as merely obscurantist. Dr. Allen ventures upon a definition of Existentialism as 'an attempt at philosophizing from the standpoint of the actor instead of, as has been customary, from that of the spectator' (p. 3). It is true that it is a reaction against an attitude such as that of Brunschvig, according to whom death is too personal a subject for the philosopher's contemplation, and this accounts for a good deal of apparently portentous insistence on the obvious in Existentialist writing. But I should be inclined to suggest that what binds together the writers who are generally known as Existentialist (Marcel repudiates the label, and in Italy it appears to mean 'atheist') is, fundamentally, the realization that philosophy cannot be an affair of text-books, that it must be a first-hand activity in which every age must engage in the context of its own problems, that it must always be a return to the wholeness and the purity of experience.

DOM ILLTYD TRETHOWAN

### A DEFENCE OF THEISM

*Humanity and Deity.* By Wilbur Marshall Urban. (George Allen & Unwin. 25s.)

We prefer the matter of this book to its manner. For we have not found it easy to hold the writer's line of thought firmly in mind. What he says seems somehow to glide off the mind, not to be gripped firmly. And this is particularly the case with the earlier chapters. The concluding chapters are easier reading.

This is unfortunate. For the matter of the book is admirable. It is an able defence of theism such as Christian theology understands it,

and, moreover, in close connexion with the specific doctrines of Christian revelation. Even where an argument is misstated or pressed too far, it is always suggestive and contains a large measure of important truth. Among many examples of this: Mr. Urban brings out clearly the radical error of modern secularism, the 'scientism' miscalled empirical, which arbitrarily and in defiance of human experience maintains that the sole genuine knowledge is of the positive sciences, and that inference is valid only from sensible data. He also refutes the irrationalism of the Barthian who divorces revelation from natural theology, indeed, from human experience and knowledge generally; as if, according to Barth, God could speak to man in other than human language and in an unrecognizable voice; and he includes too in his refutation the irrationalism of those who, like Tolstoy, preach a religion without dogma and without doctrine. His refutation is equally cogent of those who make God in the image of the creature seeking to understand Him in terms regarded as scientific, as a purely immanent life force, as becoming, with human assistance, as a mathematician or man's fellow-sufferer.

He grapples with the problem involved by the fact that, since God transcends anything man can conceive, if man is to know Him or any revelation of Himself, man must do so in an inadequate human fashion through symbols and what Mr. Urban terms 'myths', not thereby implying falsehood, though the content of these 'myths' can and should be translated into terms of conceptual thought.

It is not so clear as it might be how far in the concrete the author extends symbolism and myth. There is a certain ambiguity here which is regrettable. But that there is, and must be, an element of symbolism—we do not like the term myth—even in the Creed is obvious—'ascended into Heaven, sitteth at the right hand of God the Father Almighty'—such language cannot be taken literally. But how far does it extend? It may well be that without the *magisterium* of the Church a vagueness and ambiguity at this crucial point is inevitable. But it weakens Mr. Urban's exposition.

For Mr. Urban the proof of theism is primarily axiological knowledge that God is the *summum bonum* implied by all human values. The traditional proofs are valid only with this axiological reference, and to experience God as an infinite value—to put it in our own words—is the fundamental religious experience.

In our opinion he unduly universalizes the axiological approach to God. The argument, for example, from contingent to Absolute Being is not as such axiological, though it can subsequently be shown that Absolute Being is Absolute Value. Moreover, within the order of values an undue primacy is given to moral values. The argument to God from beauty and truth is every bit as cogent and as direct as the argument from moral obligation. Nor can we agree with the distinction made between intuition and demonstration. For, in our view,



every kind of reasoning can be reduced to intuition. What Mr. Urban calls demonstration we should call abstract and clear intuition; what he calls intuition we should call concrete and obscure intuition. Moreover, in our opinion, he confuses the intuition of God, which is awareness of a volitional contact, with the intuition of His existence, which is an insight of reason.

Mr. Urban, we think, following such scientists as Eddington, exaggerates the symbolic and pointer reading view of science. No cook could make a pudding from a recipe containing merely the quantities of unknown ingredients. Neither, surely, can the scientists make an atom bomb from equations or pointer readings that obtain between unknown entities, misleadingly called electrons, neutrons, etc. Nor is science exclusively concerned with mathematics and measurement. Biologists, for example, discuss the factors which have determined the evolution of species though the problem is insusceptible of mathematical formulation.

For these reasons, though Mr. Urban is certainly right in pointing out that science abstracts from aspects of experienced reality which no sound philosophy can ignore, he overstates his case. Science has indeed discovered facts which confront religion with serious difficulties. Though such difficulties cannot, of course, invalidate or cast doubt upon the positive evidence for theism or Christianity, they should be frankly admitted. Not the least of them, in our view, is the astronomical discovery of the quasi-infinite extent of the material universe which appears to dwarf man and his world into utter insignificance.

On the other hand, we are not so sure as Mr. Urban that the Church has abandoned, or can abandon, her objection to the view that the spatial universe is actually infinite. Human awareness of God, he insists, is essentially an awareness of Infinity. Can a creature then be infinite?

And, although we endorse wholeheartedly Mr. Urban's conclusion that God must be eternal and that an experience of eternity is given to the mystic, we cannot agree that time and space are correlative. This is true only of clocktime. There is also a psychical time, a soultime. Eternity, in fact, is the distinctive mode of the Divine Being, and created spirits can share it only insofar as they are united with God and receive His eternal life.

We do not understand how Mr. Urban accepts, and rightly accepts, immediate knowledge of other minds yet on the same page calls 'direct perception of the human person . . . doubtful.' Duns Scotus did not teach that theology is concerned only with the will, not the intellect (p. 23) nor that 'what is true in religion is not true in science and *vice versa*' (p. 384).

Mr. Urban has accepted too uncritically the view of a progress from low and primitive to higher religion. Though Fr. Schmidt and his

followers may not have proved their thesis of a universal primitive monotheism, they have shown that some of the most primitive peoples possess a pure and morally elevated monotheism, for example, the pigmies and the natives of Tierra del Fuego.

He exaggerates the agreement between the founders of the great world religions. We do *not* find a striking unanimity between 'Jesus, Buddha and Confucius'. It is indeed more than doubtful whether Confucius can be called a religious and not merely a moral teacher (p. 19). Nor can we, with Boutreaux's monk, approved by the author, dismiss the difficulty arising from evil as an irrelevant application of human categories to God. It would have been better to treat it as seriously as it deserves and, with Fr. Rickaby, to reply that God permits evil because, to obtain the good He intends without permitting evil, is intrinsically impossible.

Surely 'equivocally' (p. 15, line 12) should be 'univocally' and for 'unequivocally' (line 10) we should read 'not univocally' or, better, 'analogously'. 'Wrote' (p. 438, line 3 from bottom) should be 'wote', and on the following page, in the quotation from von Hügel, 'moods' should be 'moments'. Evelyn Underhill's *Mysticism* is miscalled *Mystic of the Church*. And Mr. Urban has made the mistake made by the reviewer in his *Philosophy of Mysticism*, quoting as a genuine work of Plotinus the letter to Flaccus composed by Vaughan in his *Hours with The Mystics. The One or The Good*, or, more correctly, *The Good or The One*, is the title not of the Sixth Enneads of Plotinus—the Enneads have no titles—but of its ninth treatise.

We are glad Mr. Urban accepts the evidence of mystical experience. But we should maintain that behind and beyond even its simplest symbolic or conceptual expression there is the experience of union with the Absolute Godhead which transcends all expression.

E. I. WATKIN

### ETHICS FOR TODAY

*Men Against Humanity* (Harvill Press. 18s.) and *Homo Viator* (Gollancz. 16s.), both by M. Gabriel Marcel.

THE name of M. Gabriel Marcel is one to be treasured. It stands for resistance to the destructive forces in philosophical thinking on the Continent of Europe. Gabriel Marcel proclaims himself an Existentialist, and in so doing would appear to be lining up with such unbelievers as M. Sartre. But this is not the case, as both these books will show; and the truth is that Sartre is the deviationist not Marcel; for Existentialism sprang from a Christian source in Kierkegaard, not from Nihilism.

These two books are not, however, concerned with the metaphysics

of Existentialism as such but with the morality which derives from it. Gabriel Marcel in the Preface to *Men against Humanity* makes it very plain that the purely philosophical side to his work and the ethical side are all *one*. 'I should like to say here as flatly as possible that such a severance is not, from my point of view, permissible, and that between the two sections of my work . . . there exists, on the contrary, an unbreakable link.'

It is in the same work (p. 91) that he sums up his attitude towards 'morals'. ' . . . for the philosopher, who, for his part, intends to think out both his own life and life in general, the essential task is to recognize, and also to make a reconnaissance of, this human situation, to explore it as thoroughly as possible; without, however, at any time hoping to be able to acquire that exhaustive knowledge. . . . '

If Marcel's ethics could never get out of the existential particular, it would come under the ban of *Humani Generis*. But Marcel, while inveighing against abstractions, is really attacking those who imagine that abstractions are the reality. The reality is the concrete situation. St. Thomas was no less insistent than M. Marcel in warning his disciples that in morality, as opposed to metaphysics, the particular case always is more complex than the general principle: circumstances are of unmeasurable importance in deciding a *cas de conscience*. This point is one of the most valuable elements in these two books. They both study man as he is today in the light of general principles but never forgetting that each case is in certain respects unique.

*Homo Viator* is particularly interesting for its analysis of the 'mystery of the family'. I doubt if the ordinary run of moral philosophers would agree or altogether welcome the line of argument here put forward for defending the indissolubility of the family; but the idea of the joint *will* to cause the coming to be of another human being, and all that such a determination involves, certainly would make for indissolubility, though surely it could not be the reason for it in all cases, particularly in the case where there is no child. He is right to put aside the argument from the fact that marriage is a contract as not being cogent for the non-Christian materialist world. He does not seem to use the reason for indissolubility from the nature of human love, as some have attempted to do. He may be right, for many a marriage has not even started in love and yet they should not be dissolved. Perhaps the only cogent reason is that the Church, following Christ, has said so; it is sealed by a sacrament, symbolized by the union of the Church with Christ.

I have paused over this to show that throughout both these books there is original thinking, to which we are unaccustomed in this moral-theology-text-book age. On another page you will find a long and searching examination of the mind of Rilke the poet.

In *Men against Humanity* it is the present degradation of men that has stirred Marcel to thought. He attributes it largely to the worship of

techniques, not that techniques should be condemned in themselves. Marcel is not an archaist—a tendency among Catholic thinkers aghast at the mess the world is in—he would re-establish true values.

Marcel takes language much as the Positivist does, but for him language is a sign of the way a man, he himself or others, *are*. His method is Socratic, except that it is a monologue, when it could very well come out in dialogue. He is dialoguing with himself. Are men free? If we have lost freedom, can it be restored? Is there any defence against the attack upon the integrity of the mind? Can modern war be justified? All these and other urgent problems are probed. No one reading these books but would emerge a wiser man. Marcel is not an easy writer, nor has he an easy optimism. He has the inestimable virtue of Hope.

COLUMBA CARY-ELWES, O.S.B.

### SIMONE WISHES TO BE INFORMED

*Letter to a Priest.* By Simone Weil. (Routledge & Kegan Paul. 7s. 6d.)

'I was only asking for information,' Rosa Dartle used to say; 'you know how ignorant I am.' Intellectual diffidence was never a failing of Simone Weil's; there were very few subjects on which she would have professed ignorance; but here she uses the device of a quest for information as a new 'sharpening' technique. Like Miss Dartle—who wasn't so dumb either—it is thus 'she brings everything to a grindstone, and sharpens it'.

To what are we to attribute the vogue still enjoyed by Simone Weil? Primarily, I take it, to the fact that to many she must seem almost a symbol of her age: a short, hysterical, slightly squalid age, those essentially 'unbalanced' years, the nineteen thirties. As what might be described as a Jewish anti-Semite, she summed up in herself one of the major conflicts of that era. Again, in the great proletarian decade, she plumbed the depths of proletarianism, in the most personal and concrete of all possible ways. And all this was intensified, made more arresting and dramatic, by the peculiar circumstances of her premature death. Yet what she is best known for, the challenge she has presented to contemporaries, is that she, a left-wing intellectual and rebel against the traditions of both Jewry and Christendom, was led to the acceptance of a Christianity of sorts, certainly to a very vivid awareness of Christian Redemption, to a keen appreciation of the sacramental system, and finally, so it appeared, to the verge of seeking admission to the Church.

Indeed to many, reading (for instance) *La Pesanteur et la Grâce*, it looked as though all that was required was a little clarifying of this point or that, the removing of some manifest misunderstanding, the explaining away of a prejudice or two, and all would have been well. As

easy as that! But now we have her *Letter to a Priest* (the English version of the *Lettre à un Religieux*), written when she was in New York in 1942. Here she presents thirty-five 'opinions' on this and that. Would her correspondent, or would he not, feel justified in 'receiving' anyone holding such views as these? Not that she necessarily *does* hold them; but she regards them as in varying degrees probable. And because she regards them as *doubtful*, she would decline to accept any ruling that they are erroneous. In one so intelligent and well-informed, it is a patently Dartle-ish request. She is so ignorant (she seems to say); she simply wants to be told. But the answer must in each case be the one she has given herself; for, as she keeps on telling us, she knows far more about everything than the Church knows about anything.

Well, what do they amount to, these opinions? They will come as a surprise to most of her admirers. With her relentless, single-minded, typically Jewish hatred of Judaism, one would expect her to object to any privileges for the Hebrew Scriptures. Subservience to the Jewish tradition was the Church's first big 'mistake'. Again, as a proletarian anti-imperialist, she would naturally resent the Church's associating with the secular Empire, the Beast of the Apocalypse. Her passionate Hellenism, too, would lead her to exalt the Gentile tradition, and any Gentile anticipation of the Gospel. As might be expected, all this is here. But how much more besides!

In the Old Testament, she tells us, all the texts dating from before the exile are 'tainted'. What we call idolatry is to a large extent an invention of Hebrew fanaticism. Baal and Astarte were 'perhaps' representations of Christ and the Virgin. Hestia, Athene and possibly Hephaestus are (she thinks) 'names for the Holy Spirit'. In saying: 'I am come to send fire on earth', Christ indicated his kinship with Prometheus. And so on.

The first conclusion to emerge is that Simone Weil was really and truly a convert to Protestantism. Her Protestantism, it is true, was by no means of the thin modernistic sort, and her conception of the sacraments was more full-bodied than that traditional with Protestants. But 'private judgement' is the basic principle of her religion. Her emotional, anti-intellectualist approach is typically Protestant. So is her conception of the Church: a purely human institution, very imperfect, fallible, indeed more often wrong than right, and with no claim at all to teach with authority.

We are hardly surprised to be told that there is no record of any ruling on these very wild fantasies. It is a pathetic document, even allowing for possible 'provocation' in statement. A little intellectual humility—even a glimmering of the value of intellectual humility—and how much this brilliant woman would have been saved: all those bees in her bonnet; her speculating on a world-wide conspiracy of silence, on a 'systematic destruction of documents'; on whether the Orphic words:

'Kid, thou art fallen into milk', are to be understood in connexion with baptism; on how Athene came forth from the head of Zeus after the latter had devoured his wife, Wisdom, who was pregnant; and how therefore she 'proceeds from God and his Wisdom'. Besides, Athene's emblem is the olive, and in the Christian sacraments (how plain it all is!) oil is a symbol of the Holy Spirit . . . A little intellectual humility—that, and an appreciation of just one function, only one, of a teaching Church! Such an 'infallible' Church may be narrow, pedantic, literal-minded, obtuse, arbitrary, inopportune in its pronouncements, wrong-headed, dull-witted, reactionary—and always, of course, 'obscurantist'. But it does serve one purpose. Fallible or otherwise, it somehow contrives to be a preserver of sanity. It saves the more exuberant, the intellectually ultra-volatile, from talking manifest balderdash, from even *seeming* to qualify for a place in bedlam. And how invaluable that would have been for Simone Weil!

A. GORDON SMITH.

*Inuk*. By Roger P. Buliard. (Macmillan. 21s.)

'SAD life, sad death, sad burial, sad people, and sad country': the word 'sorry' would perhaps more accurately render Father Buliard's thought (if so, this is one of the few shortcomings of a translation which is taut, idiomatic, and sometimes brilliant). His Copper Eskimoes are, to a man, thieves, liars and hypocrites; crazily arrogant and grossly dirty; given to murder, unnatural lust, cruelty of all sorts, and occasional cannibalism; superstitious and godless. To his apostolate among these degenerate primitives he brought in 1934—in a degree surely exceptional even in that clerical *élite* which, from France, is called to the Missions—inflexible moral and physical courage, acute penetration of mind, sound judgement and good humour. In his book he makes, once for all, the inevitable, humiliating distinction between 'English people' on short tours of duty, and 'Catholic Missionaries' who live with the *Inuit* ('men'). He speaks, then, with authority; and writes for educated laymen a non-technical chapter of anthropology which commands the respect of scientists. The account of his own daily work is at least equally fascinating. Conditions may prevent these priests from saying Office for weeks. 'The temperature of an igloo is kept near freezing point'. 'The Arctic priest is a sower, indeed, but not yet much of a harvester.' What he has to say about the consequences of the Protestant Reformation makes the saddest reading in the book for any Christian.

*The Arabian Knight*. By Seton Dearden. (Barker. 16s.)

RICHARD BURTON, 'one of the last great swordsmen', belonged to the age of Doughty, Gordon, Swinburne, the Blunts, the Oliphants, and Miss Youghal's Sais: a sublime Victorian, inconceivable otherwise. His



failures in India, Nejd, East, Central and West Africa, Syria and Iceland all resulted in indispensable books (detestably written); so did his triumphs in marriage, Midian, and oriental 'sexology'. Biography of Burton, and of Isabel Arundell his wife, has become a recognized literary sport, for which the usual qualifications have been partisanship (preferably religious) and detailed special knowledge. *The Arabian Knight* was written without either; the author's recent revision has not, as he says, made much difference. The essential facts of the case are not, indeed, concealed, but they are sometimes dissembled: e.g. by an unpleasing tendency to sneer at Lady Burton, and an affectation of better acquaintance (and greater sympathy) with semitic superstitions than with the European varieties. There are some farcical blunders. When the Burtons climbed the Peak at Teneriffe, an incident took place which was thus described by the only competent witness: 'It was Sunday morning. . . . Out of the six souls there, five of us were Catholics, unable to hear Mass. We knelt down, and I said aloud a Paternoster, Ave Maria, and Gloria Patri, and offered to our Lord the hearts of all present'. In the book under review, we find (p. 185): 'Isabel . . . persuaded the Catholic guides to let her say Mass'.

*The Further Journey.* By Rosalind Murray. (The Harvill Press. 12s. 6d.)

MISS MURRAY still writes as an ex-Good-Pagan; not disillusioned by any means, but grown more mature, more sober perhaps, and more pensive, with the years. And what has sobered her most of all has been her increasing awareness of a problem that seems to her to call urgently for some solution. It is this. How is it that to the Good Pagan, and even to the ex-G.P., the 'ordinary' Catholic isn't better than he is? How is it that even the 'good' Catholic—and, in a sense, he most of all!—often falls so short of Good Pagan standards, which are, after all, only the 'natural' virtues of honesty and kindness, justice, tolerance and a straightforward love of truth?

Of course, the 'better' the Good Pagan, the acuter the problem appears to him. But it must be remembered that Miss Murray's Good Paganism is almost synonymous with old-fashioned liberalism of the public school type, an ideal which she herself points out has been virtually killed, domestically and internationally, by the calamitous upheavals of a couple of world wars. Consequently the race of Good Pagans (actual or ex-) is fast dying out. However, enough still survive to make the problem a real one. There may be disagreement, in detail at any rate, with Miss Murray's thoughtful and conscientious diagnosis; some may even suggest that the Good Pagan's principal trouble is priggishness—is, and always has been; and they will point to Marcus Aurelius. But perhaps this is really what Miss Murray is trying to tell us, in kinder and more theological terms.

*Florence and its Story.* By Edmund Gardner. (Revised). Dent. 10s. 6d.

*Rome and its Story.* By Norwood Young. Revised by P. Barrera. (J. M. Dent. 10s. 6d.)

'*Essendo Firenze in mezzo la Italia come il core in mezzo il corpo*', a guide-book of Florence can easily become a history of mediaeval Europe. This was Professor Gardner's opportunity, exploited with a sober enthusiasm as he gloried in the evocation of Cacciaguida, Farinata, Dante, Lorenzo, Savonarola; or indicated the masterpieces of the craftsmen. A scholar of another generation would, no doubt (and profitably), have attended more to economics than to the 'politics' of the city factions: but Gardner's *Florence* is a classic. The publishers have now dropped his notes on the modern picture-galleries, and (less justifiably) cut down the maps almost to vanishing-point: they have also inserted in the text certain notes on war damage—a proceeding which might seem impious if the author himself had not set an example of rather crude modernization in his own later editions (especially in connexion with art criticism). There is rather more print on each page, and a hundred-odd fewer pages in the book. The ominous warning in the blurb that 'the illustrations have been brought up to date and improved' is (happily) an overstatement. The most maddening of several new misprints is 'claims' for 'Chiana' (p. 5).

The companion volume on *Rome* has been revised and brought up to date by a native Roman, who has supplied what was chiefly lacking before, an adequate treatment of the Renaissance and Baroque. In places the 'joins' are very perceptible, because the reviser has found it convenient to leave unaltered the original author's interpretation of historical events, 'and of the political and religious activity of some popes', however much these may have differed from his own. So the reader must make allowances and draw his own conclusions. It is a convenient little book. Unlike the ordinary guide-book, it is readable anywhere; while its notes at the end, on churches and palaces, provide what many will consider enough for use and guidance *in situ*. The illustrations are disappointing, and the two more important plans are both obsolete.

*Paul.* By Martin Dibelius. Edited and completed by Werner Georg Kümmel. Translated by Frank Clarke. (Longmans. 7s. 6d.)

THERE is much in this little book which all lovers of St. Paul will welcome. Critical and scholarly in approach, it yet bears in mind all the time that the important thing about St. Paul is the work that he did for the Church. It is with a view to establishing the quality of that work that the author undertakes a careful investigation of sources, of the background of Paul's education, of the precise nature of his 'conversion'. From all this emerges a clear and satisfying picture of the Apostle

of the Gentiles and his contribution to developing Christian theology. At times, it may be, we suspect a desire to accept rather too much of the findings of an earlier school that rejected certain Epistles as non-Pauline on grounds that seem to be inadequate. Nor is the evidence of the Acts of the Apostles given sufficient weight, in consequence of an assumption that it was written twenty or thirty years after the Apostle's death. But for all that we can be grateful for the pious labours of Professor Kümmel, who rescued the six or seven chapters already completed at the time of the death of Professor Dibelius and rounded off the whole by adding three more chapters. The translation is excellent.

*An Italian Visit.* By C. Day Lewis. (Cape. 7s. 6d.)

THIS is a subdued sort of poetry, less exciting than the *Ring and the Book* (and shorter of course), which, however, it inevitably recalls; except in the *Settignano* elegy, which abounds in other echoes of Browning—

Up the road through Fiesole we first travelled on—  
Was it a week or thirty years ago?

...  
So I bless the villa on the hill above Fiesole,  
For here and now was flawless. . . .

There is an appropriate donnishness about the series of urbane parodies called *Florence: Works of Art*; a notably masterful classification of contemporary types in the dialogues of Tom, Dick and Harry at the beginning and end of the book—and a decently restrained irony. But it is the early post-war travelogue poems—*Flight to Italy*; *A Letter from Rome*; and *Bus to Florence*—that are the substance of the *Visit*. Here the appeal is, overwhelmingly, 'and do you remember . . .?'; to the particular, precise mood in which vintage guide-books are *feuilletés* some years after a holiday. The skilful unobtrusive prosody enhances every coincidence of impression or association; perhaps the charm would not work on a reader who had not 'been there'—but then so many of us have. The Campo at Siena

Might be humility's dewpond, or the rose-madder  
Shell from which Aphrodite  
Once stepped ashore.

Rome—'Compost'; and the Forum

With bits of temples, arches, altars, mosaics  
And God knows what. . . .  
Where glum mementoes of decline and fall  
Are cherished like a grievance in Rome's heart . . .

Harry's positivism is almost agreeable in symbols:

No, man's gleaming aspirations  
 Are endlessly batted down as telegraph wire by the poles  
 When you look from a train window, everywhere and for ever  
 Abased his soaring creeds by the very proofs which support them.

Dick, the humanist, *mon semblable, mon frère*, though rather a bore, is under control; and fortunately Tom was of the party—

. . . I who, with your permission, intend just to enjoy myself.

### SPANISH REVIEWS

ÁLVARO D'ORS, writing on Santayana's *Dominations and Powers in Arbor* (December 1952), turns aside from discussing the Catholicism-without-Christ which Santayana found so culturally desirable to ask whether there is not something questionable even in the idea of 'Christian humanism' as it is held by some respected Catholic thinkers. The proponents of this, he suggests, might consider for a moment the phrase 'humanist Christianity'; if the adjective does not at once seem unfortunate they should doubt whether their idea of 'Christian humanism' itself is sound.

In saying this, he has in mind the controversial work of Raimundo Panniker, whose book, *Cristianismo y Cristiandad*, is to appear shortly, and who some time ago in an article entitled 'El Cristianismo no es un humanismo' (*Arbor*, February 1951) argued that while 'Christian humanism' may have its value as a tactical position to occupy for a time in the face of agnostic or atheistic humanism, it easily leads to a watering-down or falsification of religion. Humanism, if it means anything, means a way of life centred on man. But Christianity is not meant simply to be adjectival to a way of life centred on man. Strictly speaking, no humanism is even possible at all, because man is a fallen creature whom Christ comes to take out of himself; it is man who is to be made divine, not Christianity human. Recently, in the same Review (December 1952), he writes on 'Christianity and the Cross': neither 'the natural' nor 'the supernatural' actually exists as such; there is only nature in the process of supernaturalization; and the way of its supernaturalization is the scandalous Way of the Cross: this means a constant overturning of natural values. The article is densely woven out of New Testament references and quotations, and is difficult to summarize not only because of this but because, as is the case with other 'Christocentric' thinkers, the author's main effort is directed to the upsetting of our normal ways of imagining reality. Thus having said that with Redemption 'man receives a new end, a superior destiny which intrinsically modifies natural structures', he then immediately

warns us in a footnote that even this way of putting the matter will not do, since it still suggests some primacy for the natural; whereas really that which exists is identical with that which is Christian (*lo existencial es lo cristiano*). Spanish serves this kind of thinking with ease and even elegance. It is perhaps to be thought of as a kind of wit, and as dependent upon a supply of accepted views and phrases which it can turn about for its purposes. But it can be extremely stimulating and effective; and the writer in *Razón y Fe* (June 1951) who criticizes the first article with logical rigour, gives the impression of being totally sound but of having missed the point.

Dr. Werner Schöllgen, who is Professor of Moral Theology in the University of Bonn, writes on 'Sociological experience as illustrating Catholic moral doctrine' (*Arbor*, November 1952). He argues that sociology should belong organically to theology, since the Church's mission must extend to all peoples in all times. Sociology is based upon the realization that society is always *materia segunda*, something already shaped by man himself, a constantly-changing work of human art. The modern period has suffered from the failure in ethics of idealism of a Utopian kind, working in ignorance of its true field of operation and quickly giving way to a materialistic and cynical ethic of success. Max Weber tried to go between and beyond these opposites by his 'ethic of responsibility', which emphasizes the importance of the given *milieu* within which any end is to be sought, the choice of means to an end being a problem distinct from that of the choice of the end itself. Any reformer must know the time in order to know how to redeem it; the great 'creative revolutions' of history belong to the very essence of the community with which the reformer or law-giver has to deal, and the detail of actual law must change in consonance with them. The moral theologian who in effect first allowed for this historical and sociological point of view was the sixteenth-century Spanish Dominican, Fray Bartolomé de Medina, whose doctrine of probabilism, it is argued, arose from an appreciation—natural to a Spaniard of those times, living in the complex heart of a great empire—of the great diversity of human culture and styles of life. He understood that 'the old and the new cannot be measured by the same yardstick'. Dr. Schöllgen says that the debate about probabilism has never been settled because it has been carried out in abstract terms, without a sociology to explain the real genesis and aims of the doctrine.

Dictatorship forms the subject of one or two papers. Francisco Morales Padrón, in *Arbor* (Sept.–Oct. 1952), makes a laconic survey of dictatorship in Spanish America. He starts with the generally accepted view, that liberation from European domination led to anarchy and that anarchy led naturally to dictatorship, since there was no bourgeoisie to take control and the masses were without any political education. The present general system of strong governments is written into

South American constitutions, which normally give primordial importance to the president, and permit him to take 'extraordinary powers' to deal with any crisis that arises. This constitutional primacy of the executive leads easily to plain dictatorship. Except for Chile and, more recently, Costa Rica and Uruguay, no South American country has had any genuine Parliament. At best there has been an autocracy using a Parliament. Of the dictatorships themselves various classifications are possible. They are conservative or reformist; black or white; *mestizo* or Indian; barbarous or literate; clerical or anti-clerical; military or civil. All share certain characteristics: devotion to public works and grandiose capital cities and armies; the exporting of a crop of exiles; nepotism; an increase of foreign (i.e. North American) economic intervention; and a rash of expensive congresses, conferences, and model schools. All depend immediately on the control of finance, power and public opinion, in that order. All fall through one or more of the following causes: corruption, the ambition of some of the dictator's collaborators, military conspiracy, exterior pressure, economic crises or the popular desire for a change.

Eugenio Vegas and Diego Sevilla Andrés contribute notes to *Arbor* (January 1953) on 'Authority and liberty according to Donoso Cortés'. Their object is to rebut the allegation that he had a 'cult of dictatorship', and that he reacted from the decay of the old Spanish monarchy by an exaltation of the pure decisionary power of government, as though believing that government creates order out of nothing by its mere *fiat*. They argue that finding himself, in 1849, faced with the choice between two possible dictatorships, one of which would be bound to replace the monarchy, he chose the dictatorship of the sabre in preference to that of the dagger, and made his famous speech in support of General Narváez. He argued for the 'constitutionality of dictatorship' because he held that in certain circumstances a dictatorship might be the only possible form of government; but he continued to hold that a dictatorship, like all governments, is to be judged truly legitimate only according to its power of realizing the justice and order which, in normal times, would be assured by an efficient traditional monarchy.

José M. Escudero writes on 'Censorship and Liberty' (*Arbor*, November 1952). Censorship is justified, but is the less necessary as society is the more stable. It should in any case always be rather uncomfortable about itself, and seek ways of diminishing rather than expanding its power; nor can it exist healthily or long if it is not in tune with the real impulses of the society to which it is applied. It must also vary as society varies; it is no use, for example, imposing bourgeois-religious conventions on films destined to be shown to audiences of a lower social level who also have become strangers to the religion in question; and while a special censorship would be necessary for people



such as these, other classes of society would need catering for as well. All this makes the devising of a really satisfactory censorship a matter of great difficulty. But there is more to be thought of: for liberty is also a value. The State must not only restrict. It must open up paths to liberty. The axe is too easily used; and paternalism can also be killing (some Catholics need to be reminded that our Father is not a paternalist). If society must learn the value of control by the State, the State in its turn must learn about liberty from society. The article is based upon a talk given on the cinema; but the reader is invited to observe that its principles have a wider application.

T. E. MAY

### GERMAN REVIEWS

*Wort und Wahrheit* is untiring in its search for a Catholic response to the problems of our times and in its critical comments on the failure of Catholics to fulfil their obvious duty. In the March issue Father Karl Rahner examined current tendencies to defeatism, in April the Editor followed up his outspoken article on 'The Sleep of the Disciples'<sup>1</sup> with another challenge to Catholics to make use of their freedom, while in February Father Linus Grond, O.F.M., had asked for more reliable statistics to enable the Church's work to be better planned and more effective.

After two thousand years, Father Rahner reminds us, Catholics still form a minority in the world as a whole and, unless some totally unexpected development occurs, there is every prospect that the Church in that half of the world where it is so bitterly persecuted will sink in a few decades to the level of importance on which stood the Hussites or the Dutch Jansenists in the nineteenth century. On our side of the Iron Curtain, with its 'unculture of the masses', its technics, its insecurity, uprootedness, in a world marked by the absence of God, 'Christians and Christianity seem to be present only because it takes a long time for old things to disappear completely'. We are on the defensive, living in heathen territory 'with a Christian past and Christian remnants'. 'Christianity is tacitly assumed to be so much folk-lore, interesting and attractive, but having nothing to do with the serious business of real life'. No wonder that we tend to be defeatist: we lack courage 'because we do not think we can see how our attempt to establish Catholic Christianity in the world of today can end otherwise than in our defeat'. We do not fear that Christianity will disappear from the world altogether—that would be heresy—but we cannot see how Christianity can again play in a world marked by the unity of peoples the rôle it played once in European civilization.

<sup>1</sup> See THE DUBLIN REVIEW, No. 457, 1952.

Faith does not require us to look for a triumph, even a spiritual triumph, of the Church at any particular instant; but if the Church is to be a sign to the nations, we must believe in an eventual success to which we are bound to contribute here and now. Our defeatism, though not heresy, is evidence of a crisis of faith. It is also a reflexion of our depression at a turning point of history: 'A phase of history which seems and must seem to those who live and suffer in it nothing but decline and catastrophe may appear to those who come afterwards as an inevitable period of transition, rich in blessings'. Such a phase is ours. We have undergone a transformation of unparalleled violence, of which the overthrow of European domination is only a part, and it will be long before we can take the measure of it. With obvious reservations, mankind today may be likened to a youngster who has been given his first bicycle: for one or two Sundays he misses Mass to go cycling and can think of nothing else because of his fine new vehicle, but after a while he realizes that he can also cycle to Church. The mental crisis of modern man will last longer than a few weeks, but 'it is not improbable that the religious crisis of these changing times arises in the last resort from the same simple psychical mechanism as the religious crisis of the young cyclist'. We do not see the prospects of victory any more than the soldier in the heat of battle, but we do know that we are called to fight for God and that the result is sure. We must have the courage of the 'hour before the dawn'.

Dr. Schmidhüs' earlier article was translated and published in this review, no doubt to the great delight of many English readers. But one cannot but feel that an article equally outspoken and more directly related to conditions here is long overdue. Meanwhile it may help to call attention to some comments in the latest 'examination of conscience', in the hope that those which have an application outside the German-speaking countries will be noted and—at any rate in the long run—lead to some action.

One fundamental weakness of our present situation is that there is practically no theological discussion in the Catholic community: 'Christendom is scarcely touched by questions of faith, but is almost exclusively preoccupied with problems of discipline and morality, especially the morals of sex and matrimony . . . The theological concern of the faithful has been destroyed by theology itself, which has become a professional study without dynamism and lacking in intellectual courage. . . . Participation in discussions on faith is a precious element of Christian freedom.'

Freedom of opinion is dangerously restricted in the Church today. There are many and varied organs of the Catholic Press, 'but it can scarcely be regarded as an independent factor with the power to form opinions on a large scale. From Catholic publicists there is required for the most part and above all a gallant conformism as a pledge of good

behaviour.' One reason for this weakness is, of course, the very limited resources at the disposal of Catholic publicity.

Particularly sharp is the comment on the failure of moral theology: 'it has not succeeded in gaining the mastery of the questionings which arise out of the fundamental transformation of the social structure . . . Its treatment presupposes a social situation that no longer exists: we must recognize, for example a real breakdown of moral theology in the presence of the problems of war and of industry. The efforts of Catholics also to produce a social doctrine firmly based on morality have remained far behind social realities; the directives of the Popes have scarcely been understood: on them dull commentaries have been written, but no system, no dynamic programme has been evolved.'

The layman who complains that the domination of the clergy handicaps his due freedom is the victim of unreasonable resentment. Furthermore, 'the many complaints about the pressure of episcopal authority are too often nothing but excuses to justify apathy. Ecclesiastical authority is not opposed today to freedom in the Church, but on the contrary waits—often with only too much patience—for the exercise of freedom.'

One topic urgently in need of clarification is that of tolerance. We must not lay ourselves open to the reproach that we insist on civic freedom and freedom of conscience when we are in a minority and refuse these things to other religions when we are in a majority. Herr Schmidthüs does not refer to it, but he clearly does not consider an appeal to the example of Catholic Ireland a sufficient solution of the problem.

Free and informed decision springing from an enlightened and secure faith is urgently required in response to the totalitarian demands of the time. Like Father Rahner, this author sees our present weakness as largely due to a crisis of faith.

Father Grond speaks of another and closely related need: the need of a thermometer, to take the temperature of the Church; in other words, reliable and scientifically compiled statistics. Himself of Dutch origin, he is now director of the Institute for ecclesiastical social research in Vienna. Excellent work has been done in his native country—he quotes some of the results—and progress is being made in Vienna, but there is a long way to go yet—after a very late start. 'Although the revolution of 1848 revealed amongst other things the urgent need of the industrial proletariat, practically nothing was done by the Church for this section of the population. Of course there were Catholic associations for the improvement and instruction of the working classes, but there was no attempt to alter social conditions.' Are we really aware even of the simple facts today? In many countries one hears complaints of the small number of practising Catholics; but do we know *what* the number is? At what level of society? How are they distinguished in age-groups or

by sex? The following results of an investigation into the fulfilment of Easter duties in a working-class parish of Amsterdam are given:

In a given year, percentages of non-fulfilment were:

		<i>Men and Boys</i>	<i>Women and Girls</i>
Age	7-15	38.1	37.1
„	16-20	40.8	37.3
„	21-24	55.6	57.6
„	25-64	62.9	62.6
„	over 64	57.4	55.3

The change seems to come with the school-leaving age for boys, who enter at once into a new environment, but only later for girls, who remain longer in the home atmosphere; but the change, when it does come, is all the more marked.

*Herder-Korrespondenz* for March also publishes some interesting, if slightly less exact, figures indicating the general state of religious observance in Austria. Out of nearly 7,000,000 inhabitants, just over 6,000,000 are professing Catholics; the number fulfilling Easter duties in 1951 was 2,640,000 or 43 per cent. One curious phenomenon is that in all Austria 95.6 per cent of the children born were baptised in the Catholic Church, although the proportion of Catholics to the whole population is only 89 per cent; the fact is that the estranged and the 'konfessionslose' usually have their children baptised. Regular attendance at Sunday Mass is only observed by just over 2,000,000 or 33 per cent (in the archdiocese of Vienna only 22.5 per cent). There were 1800 converts and 5317 who returned to the Church; but 13,402 left the Church, more than half of them in Vienna. There is a shortage of priests, not adequately indicated by the average of 1390 Catholics to one priest engaged in parish work: in scattered country parishes one priest may have the utmost difficulty in caring for very small numbers and in the concentrated city population one priest may have to take charge of considerably larger numbers (as again in Vienna with 2004 Catholics to each priest). In the year under consideration 92 seculars and 57 regulars were ordained, numbers far from adequate to fill up the gaps caused by death.

The February *Hochland* includes a response by Father Rudolf Goethe to Protestant criticism on the occasion of his conversion and subsequent ordination. The discussion on both sides has been conducted in a spirit of charity and centres on the Lutheran concepts of 'complete redemption' and 'theology of the Cross'. Goethe replies by a challenge: Lutherans have exaggerated the consequences of original sin and failed to do justice to the humanity of Christ, but we also admit our utter dependence on grace and our theology of the Mass is precisely a theology of the Cross.

EDWARD QUINN



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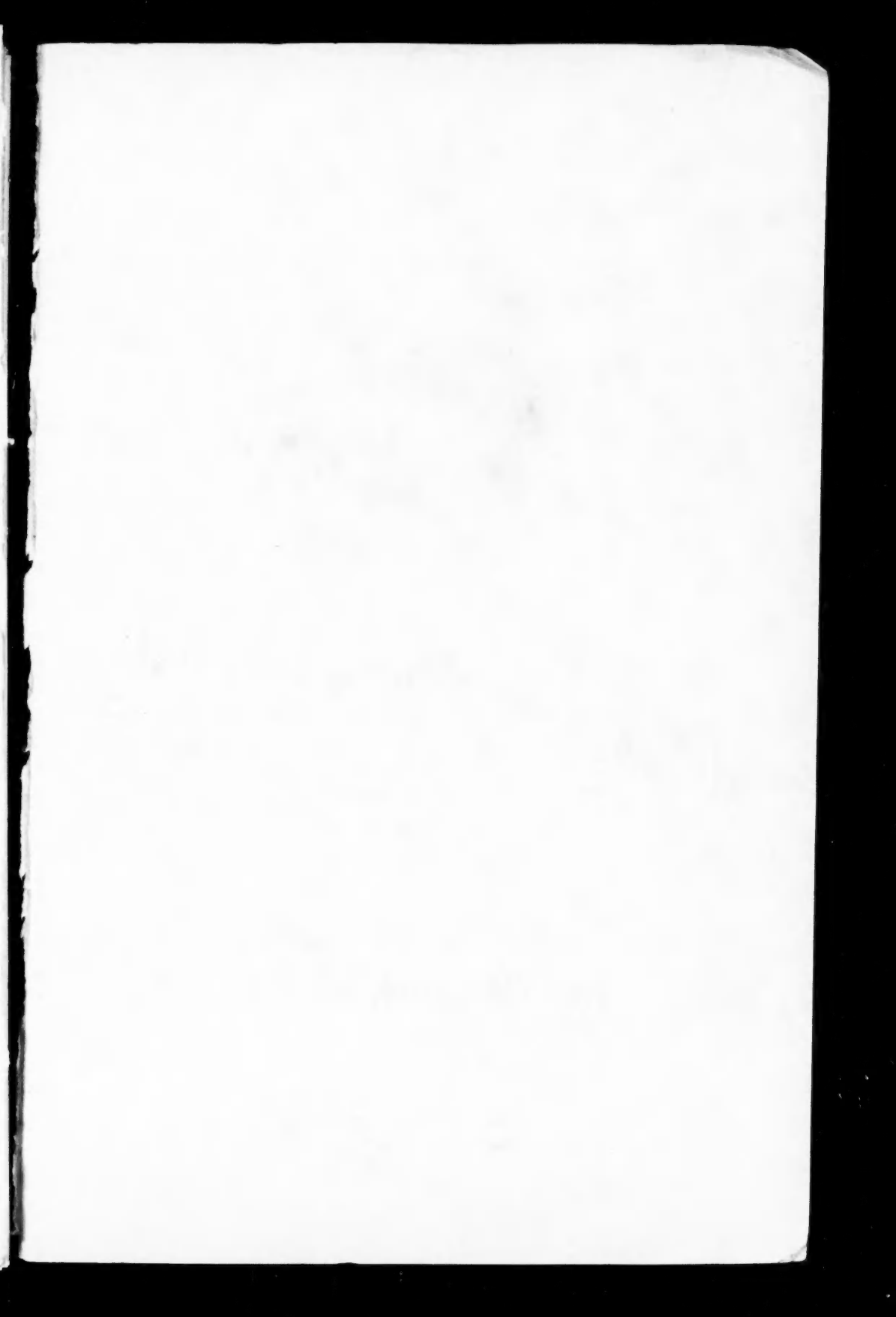
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